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EDITORIAL

GUNS OF SEPTEMBER

The border dispute between Iraq and Iran over the Shatt al Arab waterway should never have erupted into a shooting war. That it did is a sign that the top-heavy Iraqi Baathist regime is now determined to establish itself as the dominant military power in the Middle East. Baghdad's military strongman, Saddam Hussein, seems bent on filling the now-vacant role played so extravagantly by the late Reza Pahlevi.

The great powers, of course, must share blame for arming so many parties in the Middle East. Iraq and Iran, armed respectively by the Soviet Union and the United States, are now resorting to twentieth-century military technology to solve ancient parochial disputes. The great powers must stand by and watch while the arms given supposedly to protect the region's valuable energy resources are used to burn oil refineries and disrupt strategic oil routes.

Hussein is giving a demonstration of the aggressive role he expects Iraq to play in the region. But in exploiting the current disarray in revolutionary Iran, Hussein may find it difficult to control the momentum of war. Despite their initial victories and obvious military superiority, the Iraqis must reckon with the nationalist passions of Ayatollah Khomeini's Iran; it is difficult to imagine Teheran resigning itself to a defeat. There will be a long-term cost to this war, whatever the initial outcome.

Washington's response to the situation has been naïvely serene. President Jimmy Carter's notion that the Iraqi attack will persuade Khomeini that he needs American friendship—and presumably our weapons—is an embarrassing sign that Washington has yet to understand Iran or the revolutionary dynamics that move it. Things are clearly out of control and summon to memory the mindless drift that brought the world to war in 1914.

STRAUSS AND THE GERMAN LEFT
Herbert S. Levine

THE HYDROGEN ALTERNATIVE
Fred J. Cook

MARCOS'S INFLUENTIAL ENEMIES
Brennon Jones

EDMUND WILSON'S THIRTIES
Leonard Kriegel

WOMEN AND DEPRESSION
Susan Jacoby

CRACKS IN THE 'CARTEL'

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL OPEC?

JOE STORK

The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries observed its twentieth anniversary this September as the oil, finance and foreign ministers of its thirteen member states met in Vienna's ornate Hofburg Palace. Their task, to smooth the way for a celebratory November summit meeting of OPEC heads of state in Baghdad, was frustrated by sharp differences among key states. Saudi Arabia did agree to raise its basic price of oil from $28 to $30 a barrel, and the others to freeze theirs at the prevailing $32 benchmark (to which quality and transportation premiums are added). But the Saudis vowed to keep producing an extra million barrels a day after the Iranian Oil Minister called Sheik Ahmad Zaki Yamani an "agent of imperialism." A Saudi-sponsored long-range plan for regular, moderate price increases was deferred to another meeting in mid-October.

The late-night and closed-door meetings of the OPEC ministers could hardly suppress the organization's continuing state of disarray in the wake of the revolution in Iran. The oil exporters, in their second decade, succeeded beyond the dreams of the founding ministers in securing substantial revenues for their shrinking hydrocarbon assets. In the wake of the overthrow of the Shah, though, the Midas-like dynamic of oil pricing has sparked a disquieting awareness among the largest producers that the pot at the end of this particular rainbow is not gold at all but social turbulence and political upheaval.

Up until now, internal and regional threats to the oil regimes have been largely "bought off" by throwing money at them, money derived from increased oil revenues. Iran's convulsion was the product of this political alchemy called

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LETTERS.

CLURMAN IS

Chicago

In thinking of Harold Clurman, one word comes immediately to mind: exhilaration. About a year ago, he appeared on my radio program in Chicago. In that one hour, he swung from Ibsen to Beckett to Lear to the Greeks to "hit" plays. He was indignant, fervent, evangelical, hilarious and altogether brilliant.

Even now, I see his shirttail coming out as he italicized an idea. The studio microphone trembled and nearly fell off the table. He was giving technology a hard time. In short, he was wonderful—if that word means being full of life's wondrousness.

Replaying the program recently, in tribute to him, I realize he was, during that hour, what he always had been: thrillingly alive. Your might say Harold Clurman *is.* *Studs Terkel*

TWO-PARTY SUPPORT

Corte Madera, Calif.

As Richard J. Walton notes in his article "The Two-Party Monopoly" [*The Nation*, Aug. 30-Sept. 6], current legislators will not pass remedial legislation to correct the bias of the election laws. More than that, according to the Robert A. Taft Institute of Government summer 1980 newsletter, the Congress is approving a Taft Trust Fund to enlarge the Taft Institute in its principal work of promoting understanding of American democracy and "supporting the two-party system." Most of the foundations and private donors that support the Taft Institute also support very conservative organizations.

Mary Anna Colwell, Ph.D.

"YOUNG TURK" STILL FIGHTING

Long Beach, Calif.

In your editorial "Workers Arisen" [*The Nation*, Aug. 30-Sept. 6] you write, "The suppression of the 1968 Czechoslovakian attempt to loosen Soviet bonds. . . ." This misperception of the nature of the Soviet presence in Czechoslovakia in 1968 seems to have become established in the American mind, among those on the left as well as the corporate establishment.

According to Lieut. Gen. Hugh Hestor (now retired), who was in Czechoslovakia with the U.S. Mission at that time, thousands of West German Nazis posing as tourists and hundreds of American Central Intelligence agents, also posing as tourists, were in Prague, menacing the socialist system. The Soviet Union was invited by the functioning Czech Government to make a show of force in order to forestall a right-wing conspiracy.

In the January 1, 1938, issue of *The Nation*, I was included, as a "Young Turk," in an "Honor Roll" along with several other Congressmen cited for their "courageous fight in the House against the principalities and powers of reaction."

I am sorry to say I can no longer claim to be a Young Turk, but I am still a fighter against the powers of reaction. All of us who are on the side of the people must be careful not to repeat the propaganda of the right. Casual statements, such as the reference to the Czechoslovakian incident in the recent editorial, that do not take into account clandestine Western provocations in foreign countries, are damaging to the cause of peace and should be carefully avoided.

I hope my calling this matter to your attention will not be interpreted as a general criticism of your excellent publication. I have read *The Nation* faithfully for more than forty years.

John T. Bernard
Former Congressman
Minnesota, Eighth District

DRAFT THE INDUSTRY

Craryville, N.Y.

I suggest that Bertram Gross's "A Famous Victory" [*The Nation*, Aug. 16-23] overlooks a significant flaw in the registration and draft laws, namely that they are predicated upon an immoral and unconstitutional discrimination in favor of property and profits and against people. Specifically: war, defensive or offensive, cannot be waged without two factors, people and "defense" industries. If people are compelled to register and can be drafted, why not the "defense" industries? . . . It should be required by amendments that defense sectors of all prime and subcontractors be obliged to register and be subject to the draft whenever people are so compelled. This entails abolition of all defense-sector profits; leveling of upper-echelon incomes to that of upper military brass, and denial of stock options, bonuses and other "perks" enjoyed by the defense sector. . . . Also, all Government personnel involved in any manner with defense should be prohibited from becoming connected in any manner with any private defense industry for at least five years after leaving Government service. . . .

These suggestions may also remove any possible ardor defense industries may harbor for urging war to enhance profits. . . . *Abraham Fishbein*

MORE McWILLIAMS ACTION

San Francisco

I completely agree with the sentiments expressed by the Glenns in their letter [*The Nation*, Aug. 30-Sept. 6], sharing their sorrow caused by the death of Carey McWilliams.

For my part, I have bought four subscriptions to *The Nation* so far this year, one for myself and three for friends.

Wouldn't Carey McWilliams have approved of tripling or quadrupling *The Nation*'s circulation? *Ray Johnson*

BUCKLEY JUST ONCE MORE

New York City

Mr. Diamond's encephalophonic goings-on ["God and the F.B.I. at Yale," April 12; Letters, Sept. 13, both *The Nation*] about my role as chairman of the *Yale Daily News* in contriving an open meeting between two Federal Bureau of Investigation officials and members of the Yale community cannot possibly be more boring to your readers than they are to me, but if *The Nation* persists in indulging Mr. Diamond's King Charles's Head I shall in the interest of charity agree to go yet again, but just this once: I have an old uncle who is persuaded that he is Napoleon, and charity begins at home.

(*1*) Before October 1949, no official of the F.B.I. in recorded history had ever appeared before a non-Congressional body to answer questions.

(*2*) I undertook to put together such a meeting. This required considerable

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EDITORIALS.

Nuclear Fudge

It might as well have been nine megatons of fudge out there in those Arkansas woods. The Air Force treated it as a non-thing, refusing to acknowledge its existence. While the hillbilly preachers and deputy sheriffs of the Ozarks were all over the tube with exact fixes on where the ugly object lay, our military chiefs kept mum.

The Titan fiasco in Damascus, Arkansas, deserves a hard look for the light it sheds on the effect of "national security" calculations on the people's right to know. In this case, those excluded from any information about the fallout when the Titan blew its stack included the Governor of Arkansas and the state's Director of Public Safety. Incredibly, the Air Force barred Gov. Bill Clinton from taking a look for himself at what lay out there in the woods. It dared to do this when low-level military officers were ordering marches and countermarches by the threatened local citizens and when apprehension about dangers from radiation and chemical fumes were at their most intense.

Just whom and what did the Pentagon think it was "protecting" with its ridiculous see-hear-speak-no-evil masquerade? The Russians certainly knew all about it. Their spy satellites are capable of putting photo enlargements of the grim scene on every Kremlin desk. If it wasn't spies, who on earth was the military trying to deceive? Why, the American people, of course. Under what authority? We probed a bit and learned from an officer in the five-sided building that the precise authority for the military's zipped lip on the Arkansas nuke is the Nuclear Weapons Classification Guide (CGW-4, February 1977), a directive jointly issued by ERDA of D.O.E. and the D.O.D., the legal basis of which is the Atomic Energy Act of 1954. (As we all know, ERDA stands for the Energy Research and Development Administration of the Department of Energy, and D.O.D. is the Department of Defense.)

The Damascus blast blew the cover ("hardened," too!) off more than that Titan silo. It exposed the U.S. military as playing a stupid and arrogant game of concealment in a dangerous situation in which the public had an absolute

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right to know. It was really a "need to know," because the only reliable control over the ultimate weapon is public awareness of all its dangers.

Ungreat Debate

In a more innocent time it was known as the Great Debate, and the Teddy Whites at ringside could definitively award points on how tricky Dick looked or how Presidential was Jack. Now the Presidential debates have become the Great Maneuver—a pawn in the campaign strategies of each candidate. By Bob Strauss & Co.'s cost-benefit calculations there was more to gain from not debating John Anderson than there was to lose from criticism of a Carter no-show. Ronald Reagan's men weighed issuing a dramatic challenge in Baltimore to debate Carter *mano a mano*, but decided that the aging challenger should retire from the video ring, having shown the viewers he can go fifteen rounds.

As it stands now, whatever virtue the debates might have is being ravaged by campaign tactics and a reversion to poll-taking as usual. We have our solemn truth teller in the White House obfuscating the truth about why he won't debate—portraying the whole thing as a Reagan campaign maneuver to boost Anderson. We have the debate sponsor, the League of Women Voters, establishing a "poll tax" of 15 percent for all entries. Why this magic number, assuming it means anything? It serves to cut out Barry Commoner (whose point that Anderson is the establishment's candidate was driven home by the boring predictability of the Baltimore two-step). We have *The New York Times* citing the *Times*/CBS poll in its predebate analysis and deferring judgment on who won or lost until the postdebate polls are in—the same *Times* poll that had Elizabeth Holtzman, who ultimately won, ten points behind Bess Myerson before the New York Democratic primary.

And for that matter, why the League of Women Voters? Who appointed them arbiters as against, say, the International Women's League for Peace and Freedom? Why not a series of sponsors? Finally, why not have real debates, one-on-one, round robin, systematically confronting the major issues and shown by the networks on a rotating basis?

Coup du Jour

An ancient Turkish proverb has it that "When the ax came into the wood, the trees said 'the handle is one of us.' " I was told this piece of wisdom late last year, while watching the Turkish Army parade through Ankara for National Day. Fresh from its triumphs in Cyprus and in Kurdistan, the machine looked effective enough. But it most certainly did not look impartial, or like a guarantor of democratic liberties. Yet every newspaper has been hailing Gen. Kenan Evren's "statesmanlike" takeover—with the loudest hosannas often coming from those observers who thought it the least likely.

The General's no-nonsense speech on taking office was revealing in two major respects. He said that "secessionism" would be "crushed" and thus signaled an even harder line on the demands for autonomy in Turkey's Kurdish provinces. He also inveighed against those who "sing the *Internationale* rather than the national anthem," which is a clever bit of irony for a soldier but hardly apolitical.

The Turkish press is a fairly compliant one, and it was not generally suppressed by the army officers who took over. But one national daily was closed down, and the choice was significant. *Aydinlik* ("Clarity") has for some time set a high standard of investigative reporting as well as political radicalism. It had published a series of articles detailing the extensive connections between right-wing death squads, the army and the police. It had also opposed military adventurism in Cyprus and Kurdistan. Its suppression indicates that the army has definite targets in mind.

It is also interesting to notice that Col. Alpaslan Turkes, leader of the fascist National Action Party, escaped the roundup of politicians. He eventually "surrendered" after forty-eight hours, but had quite probably been tipped off by army sources the day before the coup. So it begins to look as if Turkish military "impartiality" is, like its counterparts elsewhere, slightly blind in the right eye.

Another aspect of the consensus about the coup is the insistence that America was taken by surprise. This is literally unbelievable. A confidential U.S.-Turkish Defense Pact, details of which became available in the summer of this year, makes Turkish military communications dependent on the United States. The NATO channels involved are always monitored by American military personnel, and all intelligence on "unusual troop movements" is automatically referred to the National Security Agency and to the Pentagon. As if this were not enough, the Turkish Air Force commander, Gen. Tahsin Sahinkaya (now a member of the ruling junta), had been in Washington since September 3. He met with his opposite number, Gen. Lew Allen, and had breakfast with Gen. David Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It is inconceivable that the Americans did not know; they were taking part in a NATO exercise in Turkey that very week.

Last June, the *Armed Forces Journal International* published a most revealing article on Turkey. Written by one "Justin Galen," the *nom de plume* of a former Defense Department official, it described the Turkish Army as

> not a cure to Turkish democracy, but a major part of the disease. If the Army were to take over in Turkey, it would almost certainly mean more efforts to shore up state industries, greater use of Turkey's dying credit to import military equipment, and still greater efforts to support Turkey's inflated and unaffordable force structure.

The assessment concluded that Turkey's army was virtually useless for its designated main task of fighting the Russians, and was becoming overpolitical as well as too heavily involved in investment decisions. This is by no means an understatement. The *Armed Forces Journal International*

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did not mention it, but the Armed Forces Mutual Fund is the third largest conglomerate in Turkey. It is financed by a 10 percent levy on the salaries of the 80,000-strong officer corps, and has assets of nearly $200 million. This activity, together with a whole web of defense procurements and other interests, adds a bit of shade to the image of the upright, Ataturkist "guardians of the nation." It makes it easier to understand why the first act of the junta was to close almost 150 trade union offices.

Of course, this coup is not on the model of Chile or Greece. It is, rather, the model for future coups in the Third World. The idea is to design an army that is the most pervasive influence in politics, the economy and society. Such an army should not rule *directly* for too long but it should be capable of imposing its will on the politicians at any time—particularly with respect to foreign policy. It should, in short, be the disciplinarian of society and the steward of major foreign interests. The experiment is being tried in Latin America at the moment with varying degrees of success, but in Turkey it has achieved its apotheosis.

Naturally, it means that the army must uphold certain common values. Beyond doubt, General Evren is not going to allow fascist gangs a free hand. He is certainly not going to permit the Islamic revivalists to persist in their campaign to impose the Sharia law. But it is still a mistake to believe in the old idea of a "people's army." Since the war, Turkey's army has become more and more a thing apart from the people, insulated from economic decline and protected by sophisticated weaponry. It mouths the slogans of democracy and secularism, but with less and less conviction.

For the Turkish left, which is riven by ideological disputes and badly infected with Baader-Meinhof elements, the present situation is an utter catastrophe. It will now have to watch impotently while the army closes the ring, crushing the unions, the Kurds and the radicals and rebuking the fascists while generating, from within its own clientele, the beginnings of a permanent oligarchy.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Christopher Hitchens is the foreign editor of the New Statesman.

Vision of Hell

At his press conference of September 18, President Jimmy Carter took pains to say one more time that this country will use nuclear weapons to defend its "security interests" and those of Western Europe. Although Carter became President in 1976 with a plan for scaling down nuclear armaments, these have of course gone up steeply in the past four years, both here and in the U.S.S.R. Nuclear war, once called unthinkable in polite political society, has become the most thought-about strategy in the councils of our generals, admirals and assorted security specialists and advisers.

This August, the Viking Press in New York published a book by Nigel Calder, a British writer on science, called *Nuclear Nightmares*. As of this writing, the book has been ignored by the press (with the exception of *The Boston Globe*), presumably not as the result of a hawk conspiracy but because our public is bored with the subject.

Early in his book, Calder brings up what biologists call "displacement activity." Animals threatened by an unusual danger often engage in it: they get busy digging holes or pursuing some other action basically irrelevant to their predicament. Calder feels this is what those suicidal animals, men and women, are doing now, when they focus their attentions and preoccupations on nuclear accidents (such as the one at Three Mile Island) and on false war alarms (such as threatened us twice in the last seven months).

His point is not that the danger from nuclear power or war through error is not serious. His point is that nuclear total war, with 500 million casualties and a concomitant end to the Western world, is a more serious danger and one which is *much more probable*. Our thinking public, however, seems bored with the subject of its own undoing, and thus arguably deserves whatever the future holds. But even if that is the cruel truth, our children do not deserve it.

Calder has constructed four possible ways in which nuclear war may come about—that is to say, four "scenarios," in the lingo of our strategists. These are: the NATO first strike; the small-power first strike; the "headless dragon" (i.e., command breakdown), and the missile duel ("You're about to hit me, so I must hit you first"). Calder demonstrates that these situations are likely to come about within the next decade. He then shows how limited nuclear war must inevitably become total.

It will become total, Calder says, through the force of personalities, the mood of crisis and, most irresistibly, through technical breakdowns. In a sharp frost or a heavy downpour our trains get stuck and our phones do not work, but our experts assume that the fragile and endlessly complicated network of communications they have constructed will go on functioning during a nuclear war. Perhaps our military men sleep easily in the knowledge that we have two Minuteman missiles in our arsenal that instead of nuclear warheads have radio equipment. Upon launching, they will broadcast to the American strategic forces the command for an all-out attack on the Soviet Union. This guarantees that even if everything on the surface has broken down, two lieutenants or captains 100 feet below the sea or below the earth of North Dakota can kill a hundred million Russians.

It is high time that this nation stops measuring our politicians' degree of machismo by their easy talk of worldwide death. It is high time that we start getting ourselves unbored on that subject. It is high time that we stop thinking of it (when we think of it) as so many million other guys killed.

We must think of it in terms of a thousand missiles, each one with enough warheads to destroy every city of ours or of theirs. We must think of ourselves, each one of us, dying, our children screaming in pain, and our only concern how to kill them quickly to stop their suffering.

HANS KONING

Hans Koning is the New York novelist.

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LETTERS.

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diplomacy, including a commitment to the F.B.I. that I would not permit any participant to turn the affair into a general philippic against the Bureau. I effortlessly made such a commitment.

(3) The three most prominent left-wing members of the Yale faculty during that period were in the law school. They were Professors Fred Rodell, Fowler Harper and Thomas Emerson. The F.B.I. said it would not participate in any meeting with Professor Emerson. I agreed not to invite him (he was in any event presumably busy raising money to pay off debts incurred while running for governor of Connecticut with the Henry Wallace Party, whose concern for civil rights can be measured by its endorsement of the Czechoslovakian coup the year before). So I invited the other two, along with four other panelists. In the course of the proceedings, I did not once rule a question as being out of order.

(4) I became friendly, as I have already said, with one of the two officials. I have been not only personally friendly with one or two F.B.I. officials in the past, I am professionally friendly to the Bureau, though critical of its excesses, as I am critical of the excesses of my church, country and family. I herewith profane your pages by reiterating my disposition to cooperate with the F.B.I.—or the Central Intelligence Agency—in any enterprise I deem honorable, for the purpose of enhancing my prospects, and incidentally yours, of living in such a society as permits us to exercise freedoms not exercised by Czechoslovakians; who, unhappily, in common with Americans, are subjected to the indignity of private communications being pried open to satisfy the prurient interests of people who have nothing better, or more honorable, to do. *William F. Buckley Jr.*

ARTICLES.

THE 'BAVARIAN GOON' SHOW

Strauss and the German Left

HERBERT S. LEVINE

West Berlin

West German politics attract attention abroad not only because the Federal Republic is the most important industrial and military power in Europe but also because of a certain vestigial feeling that the nation that gave us Adolf Hitler probably bears watching For observers on the left, in Germany as well as abroad, July 1979 brought a kind of confirmation of their fears. Franz-Josef Strauss finally achieved his ambition and was named the Christian Democratic Union's (C.D.U.) candidate for Chancellor in the 1980 elections, which will be held on October 5. Strauss's candidacy has had a galvanizing effect on the opposition—especially the left-wing parties. Although Strauss will probably lose, the aftershocks of this election could significantly alter the West German political landscape.

Strauss, who will be 65 next September, helped to found the Christian Social Union (C.S.U.), a party representing Catholic and conservative forces in Bavaria that identified itself with a long tradition of regional autonomy. In 1949 Strauss entered the first Federal Parliament. His C.S.U. forged an alliance with Konrad Adenauer's C.D.U. that has continued to the present day. The two Union parties agreed that the C.S.U. would limit its organization to Bavaria, while the C.D.U. would stay out of Bavaria and appeal to a somewhat broader electoral base in the rest of West Germany. Nationally, the two parties would present a united front.

Adenauer had little love for the pushy, much younger Strauss, but the arrangement worked well for Strauss personally. He entered the Adenauer Cabinet "without portfolio" in 1953 at the age of 38. In 1955, he was appointed atomic affairs minister and in 1956 he became defense minister. In 1961, he secured his local political base with the chairmanship of the C.S.U. and began to regard himself as Adenauer's successor. His personal style, which oddly combined a capacity for intelligent, reasoned argument with ruthless political aggressiveness and vituperative Red-baiting, attracted wide attention. He advocated full German rearmament, military sovereignty and nuclear-weapons development, albeit within the NATO framework. He portrayed himself as Germany's anti-Communist savior and thus made himself into a symbol of the "new Germany" that awakened uncomfortable memories of the old.

Strauss was not helped by his domestic image: a double-chinned Bavarian goon who had somehow learned to talk, a gorilla in lederhosen. This parochial image told against him among sophisticated voters north of the Main River, Germany's Mason-Dixon line. A series of corruption charges dogged his career. Even many of his supposed political allies were relieved when the rambunctious defense minister got himself into trouble again in the fall of 1962, when he engineered an illegal raid on the offices of his opponents in the newsmagazine *Der Spiegel* and then tried a clumsy cover-up. He resigned in December 1962, his career seem-

Herbert S. Levine teaches modern German history in the political science department of West Berlin's Free University. He is the author of Hitler's Free City: A History of the Nazi Party in Danzig, 1925-39 *(University of Chicago Press) and has just completed a study of political aspects of the Nazi "final solution to the Jewish Question." His comments on American and German politics have appeared in* The Nation, Present Tense, Integrated Education *and* The Jerusalem Post.

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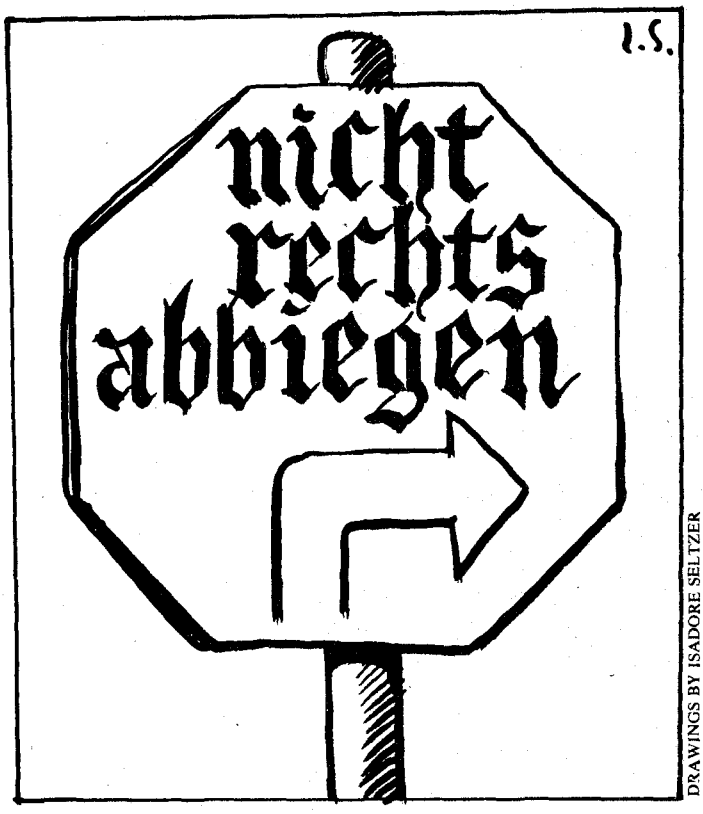
ingly finished. But his Bavarian power base remained, and he was able to re-enter the Cabinet as finance minister in 1966. The fall of the Kurt-Georg Kiesinger Government in 1969, and its replacement by a Social Democratic Party (S.P.D.) coalition with the liberal Free Democratic Party (F.D.P.) under the Chancellorship of Social Democratic leader Willy Brandt, packed Strauss off into opposition.

In 1972, the Brandt coalition easily defeated the Union opposition led by Rainer Barzel. Strauss sniped from the sidelines, calling unremittingly on the Government to take a harder "anti-Red" line and for more "leadership." In 1976, he tried to force himself on the C.D.U. as its candidate for Chancellor by threatening to make the C.S.U. a national party, a new right-wing party that would compete with the C.D.U. The C.D.U. called his bluff and chose the colorless Helmut Kohl as its unsuccessful challenger to Brandt's successor, Helmut Schmidt. Strauss halfheartedly supported Kohl, but grumbled mightily. Last year, after threatening to break up the C.D.U.-C.S.U. coalition, he finally succeeded in convincing the C.D.U. that only he could represent the two Union parties in the 1980 election. Needing a "personality" to campaign against the enormously popular Schmidt, the Christian Democrats had little choice. Some of Strauss's opponents in the C.D.U. may have further comforted themselves with the following rationalization: Whatever his drawbacks, Strauss is well known and has a hard core of devoted support. He may possibly defeat Schmidt, in which case we will win with him. But most likely, Schmidt is unbeatable by anyone in 1980, in which case Strauss will have been given his chance and failed and we will be rid of Strauss.

The last prognosis now seems all but assured. From the moment that Strauss's candidacy was announced, West German political observers noted a "Goldwater effect." The C.D.U. lost ground in the state elections in Bremen, Baden-Wuerttemberg, the Saar and, most recently and most disastrously, North Rhine-Westphalia, West Germany's most populous state. In the last-named elections, the Social Democrats' vote was 3.3 percent higher than in 1975, while the C.D.U. dropped by 3.9 percent and the F.D.P. fell from 6.7 percent of the total vote to 4.98 percent, just below the 5 percent minimum that it needed to qualify for representation. Under West German election laws, seats are distributed through a complex combination of direct and proportional representation that divides mandates according to the percentage of the votes received by the parties, after those that failed to win 5 percent are discarded.

The net result was the demise of the S.P.D.-F.D.P. coalition government in North Rhine-Westphalia. The S.P.D., with 48.4 percent of the total vote, ended up with an absolute majority of seats, while the C.D.U., minus the F.D.P.'s seats, became a minority party. To compound the debacle, several traditional C.D.U. districts fell to the Social Democrats. Only 80 percent of the electorate went to the polls compared with about 90 percent in the Federal Parliamentary elections of 1976 and 85 percent in the state elections of 1975. This year's lower turnout suggests that many voters who had previously voted C.D.U. expressed their dissatisfaction with Strauss by staying home.



DRAWINGS BY ISADORE SELTZER

Strauss's immediate response was to blame the North Rhine-Westphalian disaster solely on the local C.D.U., led by Prof. Kurt Biedenkopf (once Strauss's close political ally). Actually, Biedenkopf's forces had tried to keep Strauss out of the campaign and to fight the election on local issues. But Strauss's personality was successfully injected by the Social Democrats, who ignored local concerns (including their own spotty record as the governing party) and pleaded with the voters to support the S.P.D. on the ground that this would be a mandate for Schmidt that would strengthen him both nationally and internationally. The tactic worked.

The S.P.D. offered the voters a choice between "war or peace," exploiting the tense international situation and West Germans' fears of irresponsible American actions, which were exacerbated by the failure of the mission to rescue the hostages in Iran and the unpopularity of the Olympic boycott. Strauss, whose campaign reaffirmed his reputation as a vigorous cold warrior, anti-Communist and militarist, was successfully branded as a warmonger. Schmidt's well-publicized plans to visit Moscow were lauded by the S.P.D. as proof that only he could save détente, keep the hysterical Americans under control and preserve the prosperity that depended on peace. The West German electorate proved again, as it has for the past decade, that it is less interested in domestic and international "anti-Marxism" than it is in international peace and in the security provided by the welfare state. "Red" terrorism, never much of an objective problem, has petered out even as a political issue. And détente has brought more palpable benefits to West Germany—in the form of trade, exchanges of people with East Germany and the quiescence of the Berlin issue—than to any other Western European nation. The voters have shown that they

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will not trade in these gains for a Strauss-led anti-Communist crusade. Small wonder that the mood of the Christian Democrats' convention in Berlin in May was gloomy.

The lasting effects of Strauss's candidacy, especially on his opponents, is unclear. The call to "Stop Strauss" comes from a variety of sources outside the F.D.P., S.P.D. and the socialist trade unions. Most influential is *Der Spiegel*, the nonpartisan if somewhat left-of-center Hamburg weekly newsmagazine that has no serious competition among educated Germans. *Der Spiegel* has opposed Strauss since the 1950s and has magnified his every angry utterance, his every relapse into Bavarian provincialism, to the point where even many conservatives find him intolerable as a national statesman. *Der Spiegel*'s anti-Strauss campaign is important because it reaches voters who might disregard S.P.D. or left-wing propaganda. *Der Spiegel*'s goal is clear —more votes for S.P.D. and F.D.P. The biweekly illustrated *Stern* has joined the attack.

Also important is the movement founded in September 1979 by Klaus Staeck, a brilliant political cartoonist whose humorous and rather nasty anti-C.D.U. posters, postcards and bumper stickers have made him the S.P.D.'s court artist. His anti-Strauss campaign is specifically aimed at uniting the German left behind the S.P.D. in order to defeat Strauss in October, under the slogan "Freedom Instead of Strauss."

The Staeck initiative augments the official S.P.D. election propaganda against Strauss and gives it a somewhat broader left-wing appeal. But the "Freedom Instead of Strauss" group has cooperated with extreme-left groups and organized demonstrations against Strauss, with heckling, egg-throwing and massive marches in cities where he appears. These joint demonstrations have built on the experience of the ecology and anti-nuclear-power movement which has become a major force in Germany in the last three years and is political heir to the German "new left," the "nonparliamentary opposition" (A.P.O.) of the late 1960s.

Another important national movement in this area, called "Together Against the Right," was founded in late 1979 by professors Norman Paech (left-wing S.P.D.) and Reinhard Kuehnl, a prominent Communist historian of German fascism. Unlike Staeck, Paech and Kuehnl make no recommendations for the October election. Their supporters include members of the widely discredited Moscow-East Berlin-oriented German Communist Party (D.K.P.), left-wing trade unionists, Social Democrats who are not afraid to violate official party policy and cooperate with Communists (the precedent was set in the antinuclear movement), ecologists supporting the new "Green" Party, leftist students fighting campus repression, musicians united in "Rock Against the Right" (inspired by a similar British antifascist group), "Trade Unionists Against the Right" and local student organizations. These groups were able to mobilize 15,000 to 20,000 supporters for an anti-Strauss (but not pro-S.P.D.) march through West Berlin in May.

The Together Against the Right movement is trying to use the issue of the Strauss candidacy to mobilize support on a number of issues, lumped loosely together as a fight against fascism. The opponents include Strauss, the nuclear energy program, the West German Army, U.S. imperialism and the Schmidt Government. On the fringes of this agitation is the tiny but vocal Communist League of West Germany (K.B.W.), which has collected whatever is left of "Maoist" and "Trotskyite" forces in Germany to campaign against Strauss, the Government, the Americans and the Russians.

Still further out on the fringe are the "Spontis," terrorists and provocateurs who try to turn anti-Strauss, antimilitary and antinuclear demonstrations into street battles with the overzealous police, and who identify themselves with the Baader-Meinhof gang and "Red army" of the 1970s. Much of the energy of the Together Against the Right movement and its allies has been taken up with attempts to keep the provocateurs out. A demonstration against an army ceremony in Bremen ended in pitched battles, but the Berlin anti-Strauss demonstration was peaceful, although a few Spontis managed to get themselves arrested later.

Der Spiegel clearly suggests that its readers vote for the F.D.P. or the S.P.D. The Staeck initiative calls frankly for an S.P.D. vote. The diverse forces allied in the Together Against the Right movement deliberately avoid a recommendation, at least for the present, lest they split their heterogeneous supporters. They tacitly suggest a vote for the S.P.D. as the only certain way to stop Strauss. The real losers here are the Greens.

The Green movement is a loose ecology coalition that has attracted a fair number of left-wing Social Democrats, Communists of various hues, nonparty liberals and even F.D.P. and C.D.U. members, who have somewhat uneasily united behind a pro-environment, antinuclear program with a socialist cast. Last year, the Berlin version of the movement, which calls itself the "Alternative Ticket," failed to leap the 5-percent barrier in the elections for the city's House of Representatives, but did manage to gain representation in several borough councils. In the city-state of Bremen, Greens entered the city council. But as the campaign against Strauss gathered steam, the Greens lost ground. Even in North Rhine-Westphalia, which includes some of the most heavily industrialized and therefore ecologically most endangered areas in the country, the Greens pulled only 3 percent of the vote. Whatever else the Strauss candidacy may have done, it seems to have killed (at least for 1980) the most promising "popular front"

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development that has yet appeared in West Germany. Strauss opponents are so terrified of "wasting" their vote that many do not dare vote Green. The S.P.D., the F.D.P. and the small Communist parties, all of which compete with the Greens for votes, cannot regret this development.

It is unlikely that the North Rhine-Westphalian election results will be repeated precisely in October. There are a number of voters who support the Schmidt Government, for example, but fear the influence of socialists in his party, as well as a possible backlash vote against the Catholic bishops' criticisms of Schmidt by Protestants who usually vote C.D.U. They will vote for the F.D.P. in sufficient numbers to give it the required 5 percent of the vote, thus preventing the S.P.D. from winning a majority on its own. But if the present coalition Government is returned by a comfortable majority, what then? A good part of the local party work of the S.P.D. has for a long time been conducted by people far to the left of their representatives in the Government. The fear of Strauss has driven even more socialists under the S.P.D.'s roof. A big Social Democratic win in October could add to the ranks of the socialists in the Federal Parliament. The Young Socialists (Jusos), a nominally auxiliary organization of the S.P.D. that has for years followed an independent socialist course within the party, will be strengthened. Even the Young Democrats, the youth organization of the F.D.P., has moved in a leftward direction that sits uncomfortably with the more conservative party leadership.

Strauss talks polemically of a "Moscow group" within the S.P.D. This is ridiculous, if taken literally. But the leftist minority in the S.P.D. (which can count on some sympathy among the younger elements of the F.D.P.) has been pushing for a greater say in policy making, a much stronger pro-labor attitude, a reversal of the Government's pro-nuclear-power program and a halt to militarism and undue reliance on American leadership. The Schmidt Government, even more than the Brandt administration before it, has consistently battled its own left wing, and sought to steer a more moderate reformist course. The Government has gone so far as to approve a blacklisting program for public employment (including, among other things, university and school employment) that reminds Americans irresistibly of a long-dead Senator from Wisconsin—although local C.D.U. blacklisting is worse in this regard. [See Martin Oppenheimer, "West German McCarthyism," *The Nation*, March 17, 1979.]

If the Strauss candidacy proves bankrupt, the Government will be left without any excuse for its own policies against leftists within and outside its ranks. Chancellor Schmidt has left little doubt that rejection of the German left suits his own political opinions and style, but he has always been able to justify himself to his party by casting a fearful eye on the threat from the right. After October 5, he may have to reach a new accommodation with the socialists within the S.P.D. If not, he will be compelled to drop all pretense and justify a crackdown on internal party grounds. Either way, the struggle will be revealing. □

THE HYDROGEN ALTERNATIVE

Somebody Doesn't Like Hy-Fuel

FRED J. COOK

In the desert wasteland near Yuma, Arizona, two lines of weird-looking structures loom under the blazing sun. Slanted panels gape upward at the sky. Behind them are rounded, cylindrical devices that look like old-fashioned television tubes many times magnified. These are connected by wires and tubing to a small pumping station and rounded storage tanks. The slanted panels are solar collectors that gather the sun's burning rays; the cylindrical devices behind them are "parabolic concentrators" that intensify the energy collected by the panels and focus it on photovoltaic cells. The cells produce electrical energy, and electrolysis then splits the hydrogen atom from water. The hydrogen gas so produced is turned into a stabilized liquid similar to ammonia. The liquid, called Hy-Fuel, is fully substitutable for fuel oil or for gasoline in automobiles, tractors and other farm equipment.

This Yuma solar energy farm is the creation of Consumers Solar Electric Power Corporation of Culver City, California, masterminded by a maverick scientist, Dr. Gerald Schaflander. On July 1, the firm had its first commercial tankload of 250 gallons of Hy-Fuel ready for delivery—at only 50 cents a gallon.

There is no question that Hy-Fuel works. Schaflander has converted eighteen Chevrolet engines to his revolutionary fuel and has driven two of them across the continent, getting about twenty miles to the gallon. Tests show that Hy-Fuel's emissions are far cleaner than gasoline, obviating the need for costly emission devices. Hy-Fuel is also more stable than gasoline, far less likely to explode in case of an accident. Two years ago, Schaflander challenged a House of Representatives energy committee to let him test his device on a selected fleet of Government cars. Although he asked for no up-front money and promised, "If we can't deliver, we don't get paid," the Government turned him down.

Against this background, one looks out at the two small production lines on Schaflander's desert solar farm and wonders: Is this a vision of the future? Can the limitless energy of the sun and commonplace hydrogen found in water be tapped to yield up a new fuel that would make gasoline and fuel oil virtually obsolete?

Schaflander is convinced that this can happen, that inventions by his scientific team have achieved a major scientific

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Fred J. Cook, a regular contributor to The Nation, *won the Newspaper Guild of New York's 1980 "Page One" Award for Crusading Journalism for his recent series of articles on energy issues. Research support for this article was provided by the Fund for Investigative Journalism in Washington D.C.*

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breakthrough that would liberate the American economy from the inflationary spiral caused by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries and Big Oil. Yet despite the promise of Schaflander's fuel, he claims that he and his co-workers have been scorned by Government officials and harassed by law officers and private detectives. Their phones have been tapped, banks have tied up their funds, they have received telephoned threats in the night and been subjected to bomb scares. The pressure and intimidation have allegedly been going on ever since 1974. Most recently, U.S. postal inspectors have been questioning Consumers Solar's stockholders, and a Federal grand jury has been impaneled to investigate Schaflander's Hy-Fuel operations for possible mail fraud.

The feasibility of the basic premise of hydrogen fuel has been acknowledged even by the Department of Energy with its demonstrated pro-Big Oil bias. As far back as August 1977, Vincent Esposito, director of the division of transportation and energy conservation in the Energy Research and Development Administration (the scientific arm of the D.O.E.) wrote:

> Hydrogen is an excellent motor fuel. It has been identified as a long-term candidate alternative fuel because its use results in very low emissions. However, it is not likely to be available in quantity at an attractive price until we have sufficient energy (e.g., nuclear or solar) to make hydrogen from water.

The department also contends that hydrogen fuel cannot become practical until an entirely new engine is designed to accommodate it—which would postpone its use to the year 2000. This pessimistic assessment ignores the fact that Schaflander has already converted existing motors to run on Hy-Fuel at a cost of between $175 and $350, depending on the size of the car.

There are other signs that the hydrogen alternative is attracting serious attention. In late June, the Energy Department allocated $7.7 million to the Solarex Corporation for the production of a new type of silicon to be used in photovoltaic cells. About the same time, AEG Telefunken, a Berlin-based company with annual sales of $10 billion, proposed a $50 trillion, worldwide program to establish thousands of solar energy "plantations." Telefunken predicted that, by the year 2040, solar plantations could produce enough hydrogen to replace 100 billion barrels of oil. (World oil production last year was about 24 billion barrels.)

These announcements provoked a reaction from Schaflander. "We laughed when we heard about the $7.7 million grant to Solarex," he said, "because we know from our own experiments that silicon will not work. It deteriorates in the desert heat and becomes only about 2 percent efficient. When we saw the AEG Telefunken announcement, we wrote them, offering to share with them our experience with silicon."

Having found silicon cells unsatisfactory, Schaflander's scientific team perfected Gallium Aluminum Arsenide/Gallium Arsenide solar cells. It also found a way, Schaflander says, to produce such cells on a semiautomated basis, slashing costs. Some of the photovoltaic cells used to power our NASA spacecraft cost as much as $5 a watt to produce; Schaflander's automated process, he contends, would reduce this to 27 cents a watt. "We have the technology to make these cells very cheaply," Schaflander insists.

He will not discuss the details of his manufacturing process and has not filed for a patent on it. "If we filed for a patent, Exxon or some other of the Seven Sisters would probably find a way to steal it," Schaflander says. "They've already tried to buy it, but we've refused to sell. We think that in a free enterprise economy our process should be used for the good of the American people. We want to give free enterprise a chance."

What seems clear in the Yuma desert is that the Consumers Solar team has accomplished something no one else has. It has, after all, produced 250 gallons of marketable Hy-Fuel and is still producing more. This success has been achieved without a dime of support from any Federal agency. Money to keep the firm's R&D programs creeping along has come from dedicated supporters whose numbers include such Hollywood figures as Robert Redford, Joanne Carson (Johnny Carson's wife) and Jack Nicholson. Support has also come from a strange amalgam of wealthy liberals and conservatives—the liberals would like to see the big oil companies' dominance of the American economy eclipsed, and the wealthy conservatives are anxious to show what free enterprise can do if Government just stops interfering.

Schaflander is a social psychologist who taught at Boston University, Northeastern University and other colleges. He developed an expertise in marketing and advertising working for the Young & Rubicam advertising agency. He later became closely associated with Senator Estes Kefauver, helped raise money for Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and became active in the SANE antinuclear movement. By 1974, having become convinced that the nation needed new energy alternatives, he gathered together a nucleus of his academic colleagues, all scientific experts in related fields, and began the research that has led to the invention of Hy-Fuel.

In the six years since Consumers Solar was founded, Schaflander says, he has raised $3.7 million from private sources. It has all gone into costly research and the establishment of his skeleton system in the Arizona desert. Some of the scientists working on the R&D program have accepted stock in lieu of cash for their efforts—stock that may turn out to be worthless or, on the other hand, extremely valuable. Nevertheless, Schaflander says, the costs over the years have been such that some $280,000 in judgments are outstanding against Consumers Solar, and the firm still has no cash flow that would enable it to pay off these debts. It obviously needs more financial help, and it is seeking this under the Government's synfuels program.

What could be accomplished if Consumers Solar received a D.O.E. grant like the $7.7 million given to Solarex? Schaflander says that even $500,000 worth of financing would enable him to start up mass production of his photovoltaic cells. He is now producing Hy-Fuel on 1,000 acres of leased

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land, but he has an option on another 10,000 acres. Given financial support, he says, he could crank up to full production on the entire tract in six months. According to Stephen Wright, president of Consumers Solar and its scientific expert, with six hours of full sunlight a day, such an energy farm would produce 2.85 million gallons of Hy-Fuel a day. Since the Arizona desert has almost continuous sunshine, an eight-hour day would enable the farm to turn out 3.8 million gallons of Hy-Fuel.

There are other advantages. "A unique co-generation system," Schaflander says, would turn the waste heat produced by the process into low-pressure steam that could be used to drive turbines producing electric power for the utilities. "Once we link the cells and put them in the desert, we have virtually a free ride," Schaflander insists. "The cells will continue generating hydrogen and producing electricity for years. The only capital expense we would have would be the one-time cost of installation."

Such a system—if Schaflander and AEG Telefunken are right—could render the nuclear power controversy forever moot, since it would not be needed. Schaflander estimates that his energy farm could produce electricity at a capital cost of $690 per kilowatt. The capital-cost figures for fossil-fueled and nuclear-powered plants are $1,200 and $1,400 per kilowatt, respectively.

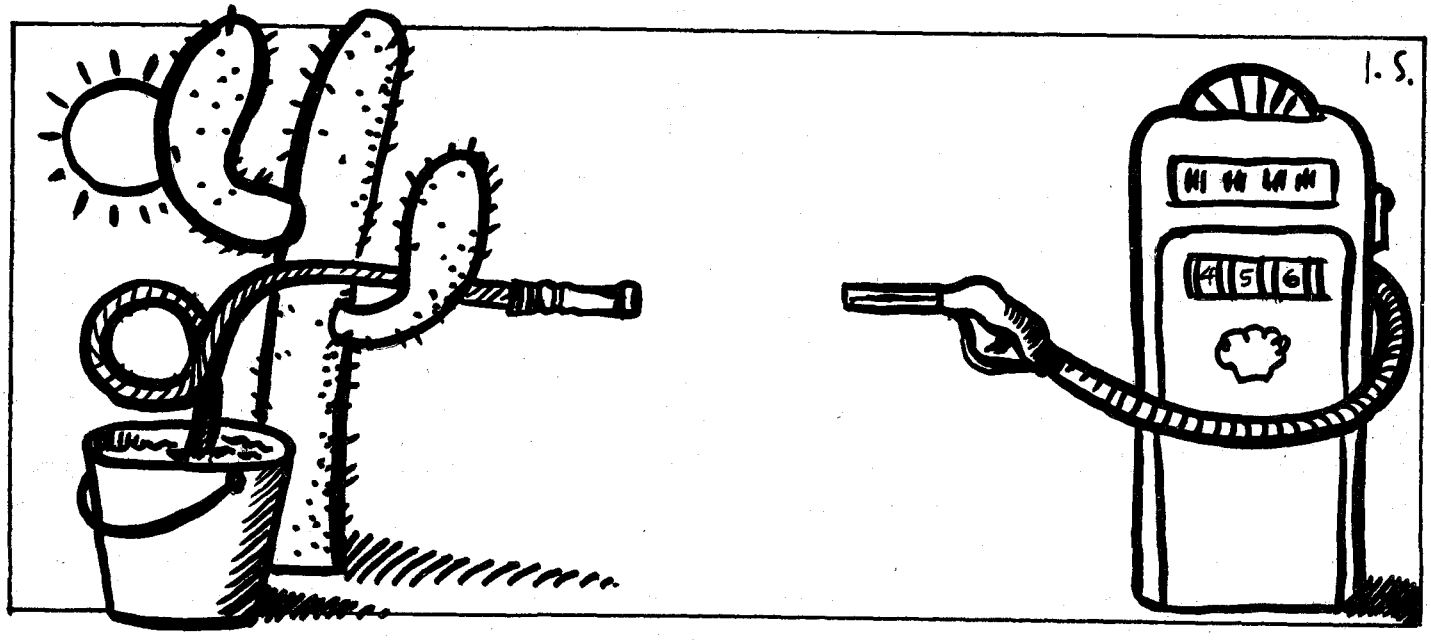
Car owners might wonder how difficult it would be to convert their present engines to hydrogen fuel. Schaflander's experiments show that it can be accomplished in a few hours. The process involves removing the gasoline tank and installing a new tank capable of holding the slightly heavier hydrogen hydride mixture. A "cracker" would be positioned in the front of the car next to the motor to convert the ammonialike Hy-Fuel into a gas mainly composed of hydrogen. This would flow into a new carburetor to which a fuel regulator is attached. Certain other solenoid valves and vacuum and pressure switches would be wired into the car. The hydrogen-powered vehicle would then be ready to roll.

A major and obvious difficulty (at least at the start-up of such a system) would be distribution. With Hy-Fuel paying all taxes, it would be priced in California at 59 cents a gallon at the pump. Major oil companies could hardly be expected to welcome Hy-Fuel pumps at stations where they now sell gasoline at more than double that price, and Schaflander claims that Big Oil and its corporate allies are behind at least some of the harassment he has experienced. The details of this are fully described in sworn affidavits on file with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Schaflander says he informed the F.B.I. "because the only protection we have is to make public what is being done to us."

The incidents began almost the moment Schaflander attempted to set up shop in Menlo Park, California, in 1974. Union Carbide, from which he wanted to purchase nitrogen for his experiments, and Southern California Edison, from which he needed electric power, both demanded a list of his stockholders before they would advance credit. "We told them that we didn't want credit, we were prepared to pay in cash—but still they insisted they had to have a list of our stockholders," Schaflander says. Then banks began returning checks for insufficient funds—"even when we had plenty of money in the accounts to cover the checks."

The infighting got dirtier in June 1974, while Schaflander's team was trying to perfect its photovoltaic cell. There were interruptions and noises on the firm's telephone lines, indicating wiretapping. Then came the threatening telephone calls. Schaflander, his wife and his 79-year-old mother all received them. A husky-voiced caller kept warning: "Get out of Menlo Park or your life won't be worth a plugged nickel." Schaflander's mother fainted after getting one of these menacing messages about her son and had to be hospitalized.

Schaflander's affidavit, dated June 5, 1974, described how he was stopped at 10 A.M. as he was driving along Highway 101 from San Francisco to Menlo Park. Police sirens wailed; he was forced off the road and surrounded by five police cars. He continues:



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> One officer pulled me out of the driver's seat and dragged me back of my car against the side of his car and drew a pistol which he placed at the side of my head. Four other state troopers drew pistols on me and jostled and shoved me while they went through my pockets, roughly handling me. I argued that I was not resisting, but wanted to know why this was happening. The official who seemed to be in charge, called Brownie, said I had been driving erratically over 90 miles an hour for 10 minutes. I said it was absurd, Miss Jane Brown, my administrative assistant, was in the front seat with me and would verify that I had not driven more than 55 miles an hour.

"Brownie" said, "Tell it to the judge." Then he handed Schaflander a ticket and started to search under the seats of the car. When Schaflander demanded to know what evidence there was to support the 90-mile-an-hour charge, "Brownie said, 'We had a call from a driver with a phone in his car that you passed on 101.' I said, 'Who was it?' and they handed me a card and the card was that of Dennis Hettman, a private investigator. We asked the Wackenhut Detective Agency to check out this gentleman and they reported that he has long been hired by Union Oil Company of California."

Jane Brown, in a supporting affidavit, said she had seen Schaflander "forced to place his hands on the car, being frisked, and pistol-whipped [she apparently mistook the pistols being waved at his head for pistol-whipping], and being told he was a dangerous criminal and ought to be arrested for endangering people's lives."

Schaflander, Brown and four other employees of Consumers Solar reported that helicopters constantly circled over their Menlo Park plant and that they were followed on the highways wherever they went by burly-looking thugs in three vehicles: a white pickup truck; a two-door, red wide-track Pontiac, and a blue Thunderbird. A check on the license numbers of these cars showed, Schaflander says, that they belonged to Intertel, a detective agency owned by Resorts International.

The rough stuff was only beginning. "Two of our hydrogen-converted cars were stolen off our vans," Schaflander says. "Then one of our cars was driven off the road by a truck, and the driver suffered a concussion and a fractured shoulder. Well, we have some young and pretty dedicated people working for us, and they caught up with the truck, drove it off the road and sent three people to the hospital. I don't like it. It's a dirty way to have to fight, but what choice do you have?"

No choice at all in view of the occurrences in Menlo Park in February 1975. Schaflander's team had been working almost around the clock all week. Tanks of hydrogen and nitrogen for use in their experiments were stored in the plant. Edwin Rothschild, Schaflander's son-in-law, now director of Energy Action in Washington, recalls that they were all dead-tired when they locked up for the weekend. Later that night, a watchman for the Ace Guard Service discovered a bomb that had been placed in the back of the plant.

Ventura County detective Robert Kerr removed the bomb. According to officials in the Ventura County sheriff's office, it was a very crude device. Some of its components, they said, were similar to materials to be found in Schaflander's plant. This was the basis for the story ultimately leaked to the newspapers that Schaflander himself must have planted the bomb to get publicity. Schaflander shakes his head in disgust. "Some people may think I'm crazy," he says, "but nobody has ever called me pathological. And anybody would have to be pathological to plant a bomb where hydrogen and nitrogen were stored. Why, if that bomb had gone off, it would have created an explosion like an atomic bomb."

This logic made no impression on the Ventura County sheriff's office. Rothschild remembers the day—Saturday, February 22, 1975—when sheriff's deputies descended on Consumers Solar. Brown also recalled the scene in a statement filed with the F.B.I. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the raiders appeared with a search warrant signed by Judge Charles McGrath. Brown testified:

> All present, including corporate officers, members of the board, five administrative assistants, one scientist, two guards, one receptionist plus CPA and attorney were asked to remain either in the front room or the Board Room until all names and addresses were taken by the police.
>
> Mr. Schaflander was personally searched, and then his attaché case was completely emptied and the contents were placed on the conference table and scrutinized by several officers.
>
> All of us were then kept in the front office or outside the plant while officers combed through our corporate documents.

This raid, coming within a week of the bomb incident, was based on the charge that Schaflander was running a phony corporation. The sheriff's office contended that a check with the Secretary of State of Delaware had revealed that Consumers Solar was not registered nor in good standing. (A reporter from *The Los Angeles Times* who later called the same office was told that the corporation was in compliance with the law.)

Brown's personal notebook in which she recorded day-by-day details of business transactions was confiscated. The following morning, Sunday, February 23, she learned that "documents from the corporate files and our master Rolodex containing all business phone numbers including investors, suppliers, attorneys, etc., had been confiscated without any opportunity being provided for our people to photocopy the items."

Schaflander had to resort to legal action. It took him eight days to obtain a court order compelling the sheriff's office to return the seized documents. Then Schaflander made another discovery. "We found that [someone] had flushed out three of our bank accounts completely," he declares. "We had been holding about $15,000 in them to pay the most necessary bills, but somebody had forged Steve Wright's name on eleven checks and that wiped us out completely. We asked the District Attorney to investigate, but

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nothing was done. We got our own handwriting expert, and he declared there was no question Wright's signature had been forged. We asked for a grand jury investigation, but got nowhere. Perhaps it's only coincidence, but three of the officials in charge of the investigation were big stockholders in Standard Oil of California (Chevron). The effect was that our work was brought to a halt, and it took us three to four months to regroup."

Schaflander says that the harassment, whatever its origin, is continuing. About once a month until around the end of March, either he or one of his associates would get a telephone call that a bomb was going to be planted in Consumers Solar's plant. So far, these have been idle threats, but there is another subtle form of harassment that disturbs Schaflander. "My son has been followed on his way to school, and that worries me," he says.

Two business developments that seemed to promise a breakthrough in getting Hy-Fuel accepted have backfired this year. Schaflander had entered into an agreement with J. R. Simplot of Boise, Idaho, head of a multinational corporation that is reputedly the largest potato processor in the nation. The contract called for the delivery of 32 million gallons of Hy-Fuel over a five-year period. Because of the size of the order, the price was to be 50 cents a gallon. The first delivery under the terms of the contract was to be made July 1, and on that date Consumers Solar had 250 gallons of Hy-Fuel waiting for Simplot. At the last minute, Simplot's lawyer issued a refusal to accept delivery because, he said, Consumers Solar had "breached" the contract by not supplying needed technical information about Hy-Fuel and the manner in which it was to be handled.

Wright conceded there had been some delay in providing information because Hy-Fuel was constantly being upgraded in quality. But he expressed surprise that Simplot would resort to such a "technicality" to abrogate the contract. Schaflander was outraged. He said an examination of Consumers Solar's records showed: "On April 3, 1980 . . . two scientist-engineers from the Simplot company and one of Simplot's sons visited our plant in Culver City to again see our technology. . . . At that meeting—with two other Boise SCEP stockholders present as witnesses—we detailed *all* the chemical elements in our Hy-Fuel and, further *fully* discussed storage and vehicle conversion techniques."

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Furthermore, Schaflander said, full information "along with final Hy-Fuel (percentage) contents" were in a sealed envelope aboard the trailer-tank truck with the 250 gallons of fuel. Simplot, of course, never got this because, at the eleventh hour, he decided not to accept the fuel. Significantly, perhaps, Schaflander had not asked for any up-front money on the signing of the contract; but with the first delivery, he was seeking funding to enable his firm to fulfill the rest of the enormous contract.

The second setback this year involved the U.S. Postal Service. The service had agreed to let Schaflander convert six delivery jeeps to Hy-Fuel, but it had turned over only one jeep for the initial experiment. Then trouble developed. The conversion equipment that had worked on Chevrolets simply would not function on a jeep. Stuck with an unworkable jeep, Consumers Solar had to call off scheduled demonstrations and go back to the drawing board. Schaflander says the firm spent more than $125,000 designing a new carburetor and cracker that would work on *anything*—even a jeep. Then the Postal Service demanded that their jeep be returned. They had not, they said, intended to enter into any R&D experiments. Schaflander duly returned the jeep and bought one of his own for further experiments. On April 14, Consumers Solar ran a test on the newly converted jeep. According to the Richard Petty Fund for Automotive Engineering, the jeep passed all tests. But postal officials boycotted the demonstration.

Charging that a double standard was being applied to him, Schaflander bombarded Senators and Congressmen with demands for an investigation of the Postal Service. He pointed out that, while postal officials had reacted with horror to the idea of R&D where Consumers Solar was concerned, they had taken an entirely different attitude in other cases. He cited a letter from Edward Horgan Jr., an assistant postmaster general, to Senator Warren G. Magnuson. In this, Horgan wrote: "Enclosed is an executive summary of a research and development project on hydrogen fuel conducted by the Billings Energy Corp. . . . in 1977. In addition to this project, the Postal Service has been working with UCLA in the area of hydrogen-fueled vehicles. . . . A substantive amount of research and development remains to be done."

When Schaflander started to cause trouble, the Postal Service struck back. On June 9, Schaflander wrote Senator John Glenn, Representative James Hanley and others: "I think you should know that the postal inspectors are still trying to intimidate our stockholders in a vindictive fashion. Last week they visited a key vendor/manufacturer/stockholder and told him, 'You better talk to us since you're probably going to have to do it in court anyhow.' He, of course, is a close friend and key stockholder, and refused to give them any proprietary information or show them proprietary designs for which he had made countless crackers and carburetors."

The trouble did not stop there. On June 19, Pacific Telephone notified Schaflander that all his telephone records had been subpoenaed by a Federal grand jury in Los Angeles. On July 31, two postal inspectors sent a list of 52

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questions to 100 selected Consumers Solar stockholders. They asked, among other things, if stockholders had been led to believe the corporation was in large-scale production when they invested and if they were told that it was about to have a public underwriting and was in a good cash-flow position. The stockholders were told to return every mailing they had ever received from the corporation to determine whether fraud had been committed by mail—and then they were given the ridiculous reassurance that, of course, the fact that it had would not in any way jeopardize their investment.

"What—if a fraud had been committed?" Schaflander snorts in disgust. "Then, of course, everything would be worthless."

Schaflander, who had already asked to appear before the grand jury without being granted that privilege, had the postal inspectors' questionnaire reproduced and mailed to *all* 628 persons who had loaned the corporation money in return for stock. He asked if they wanted to return their stock and get their money back. "I doubt if there are more than a dozen in the whole list who are that disgruntled," Schaflander says. "But let's find out. All of this trouble began after I had complained to Congressmen and Senators about the Post Office's conduct, and as far as I'm concerned, it represents nothing but vindictive harassment." □

BITTER TIMES IN SUGARLANDIA

Marcos's Influential Enemies

BRENNON JONES

Manila

Dissension in the Philippine sugar industry is only one indication of the growing opposition to President Ferdinand Marcos's continued rule. The sugar industry has been harnessed for the personal gain of the President, and support for him among sugar planters is now nearly nonexistent. And as the real incomes of the sugar workers decline, they grow more militant in their criticism of the Government and increasingly see violence as the only way of gaining justice.

For years, the wealthy Filipino sugar growers dominated Philippine politics. The majority of representatives and senators in the Congress had interests in sugar. Most political candidates tapped the wealth of the sugar magnates to finance their campaigns. President Marcos was no exception, wisely choosing Fernando Lopez, whose family had substantial sugar interests, as his running mate in his 1965 Presidential bid.

After Marcos imposed martial law in 1972, however, he set about dismantling the sugar bloc. Planters contend that he used the policy of "nationalization" of the industry, a not unwise one in the face of curtailed U.S. sugar imports and the need to find new markets, as the opportunity to break the traditional economic and political power of the sugar magnates. In 1973, by presidential decree, trade in sugar came under Government control, with the planters paid a fixed price for their production. The policy was implemented just in time for the Government to capture windfall profits from the 1973-74 boom in international sugar prices. Planters were paid approximately 13 cents per pound for their sugar by the Government, which in turn sold it on the international market for prices in excess of 40 cents per pound. As a result, the large profits that planters could have earned during the period of high world sugar prices were skimmed off by the Government, with no official accounting of how they were used. Planters say they needed such profits to meet future rising costs of production; to help improve conditions for their sugar workers, and to weather the years when world sugar prices plummeted in the late 1970s. Now, when world sugar prices are higher, planters have been told by Marcos that they must repay massive loans, on which they survived in recent years, before any personal profits can be realized.

The planters' outrage at Marcos's policies could be easily dismissed as the normal grumblings of producers anywhere who are anxious for greater profits, but the plight of the sugar planters is recognized by most knowledgeable observers of the industry, including those in the U.S. Government. Said one U.S. official who is a close observer of the Philippines, "I'm not surprised that more than 90 percent of the sugar growers don't like Marcos. His policies have locked planters into a certain price relationship that works directly against them. Private traders would never rip off the planters to the same degree that the Government has."

Planters see Marcos's motives as primarily political. "He is out to destroy any political opposition in the industry," according to Alec Marisol, a sugar grower and former ally of the President's. "When your opponents are helpless financially, they are helpless politically." Marcos has expropriated profits that planters could have used to finance opposition against him, profits that he can now use to buy elections.

Sugar planters are not just angry at being robbed of their sugar earnings. Many contend that the Marcos Government is manipulating bank loans, on which growers rely to cover their annual production costs, to intimidate and even destroy planters who are critical of the President. In the past, the Government-owned Philippine National Bank disbursed most sugar loans. But in 1978 President Marcos decreed that a commercial bank, Republic Planters, become the principal lending facility to the planters. Roberto

Brennon Jones is a freelance writer who has written on international commodity issues. He reported from Vietnam in the early 1970s and was involved in the research and production of Hearts and Minds *(Peter Davis). This article was supported by the Fund for Investigative Journalism in Washington, D.C..*

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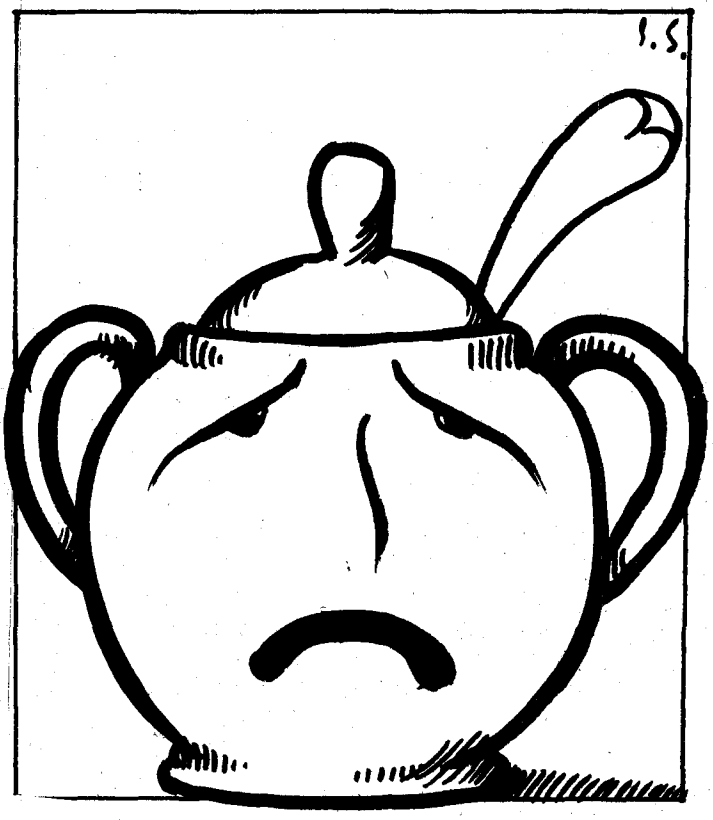

Benedicto, a college fraternity brother of the President and chairman of the Philippine Sugar Commission, the umbrella agency that sets national sugar policy, is one of a handful of major investors in the bank. The group acquired it shortly before Marcos decreed that it would be the principal lender to sugar planters and began infusing it with capital from the Central Bank.

To the planters, Benedicto is a symbol of the corruption of the Marcos Government. He has acquired massive sugar land holdings and a substantial share of the media and communications industry since the imposition of martial law. Benedicto has also been singled out for allegedly receiving kickbacks from the construction of sugar mills by Japanese companies in the early 1970s.

The planters' fear is that the Republic Planters Bank will be used by Marcos and Benedicto to expropriate their lands —80 to 90 percent of them have substantial loans in default. "The impression of the sugar planters is that the Republic Planters Bank will be ready to foreclose on them, and with Benedicto a major bank shareholder, he has the inside track to grab more sugar land from the planters," declares a former high-level official of the Philippine National Bank. "It's simply consolidation of control by Benedicto and Marcos, and there is nothing we can do about it."

The direct involvement of Marcos and his associates in sugar refining is only the latest issue to inspire the anger of the planters. Two U.S.-based refineries, Sucrest and Revere, have been purchased in recent years by Marcos's in-laws, the Romualdez family, and by Antonio Floriendo, a major financial backer of the President. Thus, Marcos can buy raw sugar from the planters at whatever price he chooses, have it refined by Revere and Sucrest in the United States and capture the higher profits for the refined sugar when it is sold on the international market. According to a knowledgeable U.S. official, "It establishes a clear opportunity for the expatriation of capital by Marcos and his friends."

Sugar planters are not alone in their rising anger at Marcos's policies in the sugar industry. The more financially hard pressed planters are, the more their workers suffer. "If the planters are squeezed, we squeeze our labor," says one sugar planter. According to the Association of Major Religious Superiors in the Philippines, the sugar workers' real income in the face of rapidly rising prices for food and other basic necessities has sharply declined—to its lowest point since the beginning of the plantation system in the late eighteenth century. The minimum wage is now 11 pesos a day, or $1.50. Most do not receive the minimum wage, which is set by presidential decree. Some additional benefits are meant to supplement the minimum wage, but according to the Government's own surveys, few of these filter down to the laborers.

Malnutrition in the principal sugar-producing region, Negros (or "Sugarlandia" as it is locally called), is the highest in the nation, according to Philippine Government statistics. Nearly half of all households have insufficient food intake, and 83 percent of the children suffer some degree of malnutrition.

General strikes are outlawed under martial law, but sugar workers have held marches and rallies with church and union support to draw attention to their plight. Such demonstrations have met with little success. For several years, they attempted to seize sugar land and grow food crops on it in order to supplement their inadequate incomes. In almost every case, plantation owners, with the support of the local police and the military constabulary, have been able to quash such efforts by jailing the leaders, often on trumped-up charges, or blacklisting them.

A common sight along the roads of Sugarlandia are small plots of beans and corn between the edges of a highway and the broad expanse of the sugar cane fields. This public land is the only place the workers can grow food—and they routinely lose half their modest yield to roadside thieves.

Union leaders and sugar workers freely admit that their efforts to obtain their minimum legal rights and to seize land to grow food have failed to date, primarily because of the strength of the plantation owners and Marcos's constabulary. "But we are optimists," says one sugar worker, who is organizing sugar workers on other plantations. "Our strategy is 'one foot up and one foot down.' The 'one foot up' is our effort to obtain legally what is due us according to existing law. But the 'one foot down' is the real struggle to change the feudal system under which we are forced to exist."

Neither plantation owners nor the Government seems aware of the extent of the sugar workers' anger and despair. One evening over Scotch and lobster, a plantation owner tells me, "Sugar planters are paternalistic toward their workers, even though we are financially squeezed. They have rice, vegetables, and even chickens." A few days later a worker on this man's plantation tells a different story: "The planters and the Government say that we are docile. But

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they do not feel the hardship and suffering that we endure. This can't go on. Look at us and multiply it many thousand times. We are dying for our food. We work like slaves and we are hardly paid for it. The Government refuses to act in the interests of the people. We will change the Government to one that represents the needs of the people so they can own their own land. The big problem is to find guns to fight for our rights. It is the only solution."

Extensive organizing by the sugar workers is occurring on virtually every plantation in Sugarlandia that I visited during two trips there last year. Workers meet at night in small groups to plan what they see as "a long struggle in which they are joined with sectors throughout the Philippines to change the whole system," according to the leader of one such meeting. "Where did the Vietcong get arms to fight the Americans in Vietnam? How did the Nicaraguans build their alliance to defeat Somoza? Where do we go to get foreign support for our cause and to acquire additional arms?" are questions frequently asked an outsider.

Nobel prize-winning economist Gunnar Myrdal warned of a deteriorating political situation in the Philippines. It "can become another Iran at any time," he said, if the present Government's policies continue. The Iranian situation is not directly analogous, but some parallels exist which are often mentioned by planters and sugar workers. They charge that the rapid growth of the military and police in recent years is not due to external threats to Filipino security but is intended to maintain martial law and stifle dissent against Marcos's policies. The needs of the poor have not been met because Marcos has been able to rely on external financial support from the United States and the international financial community. While some Filipinos will still proudly display dog-eared copies of *Life* magazine with the famous picture of Gen. Douglas MacArthur wading ashore, most are more critical of U.S. policy. They say that it turns a blind eye to basic human and economic rights and props up the Marcos Government in return for the use of the strategically important Clark and Subic bases.

Conditions in the sugar industry are symbolic of the growing discontent throughout the Philippines. The plantation owners, from whom Marcos received essential political and financial support to win the presidency in the 1960s, have almost totally abandoned him and his martial-law policies. Most are allied with the traditional opposition—a coalition of former political figures and anti-martial-law parties. But many threaten more violent solutions, saying, "Either the sugar industry is restructured or you have civil war."

But it is in Sugarlandia that the spark of violence is most likely to be touched off. Many sugar workers are now ready, and increasingly they are allying themselves with the New People's Army of the Communist Party of the Philippines, which is active and becoming stronger in many sectors of the country. A sugar worker talked quietly of his commitment to revolutionary change and of how he is preparing his family for his death, which he feels his organizing work makes inevitable. A group of workers laughed as they passed a young girl bearing a stalk of sugar cane over her shoulder. "Now she carries sugar. Tomorrow it will be an M-16." □

OPEC

(Continued From Front Cover)

"development." The Iranian upheaval marks a new stage of transition for OPEC. The organization has always been an expression of contending political forces, stemming from social pressures internal to the member countries and reflecting broad structural shifts in the oil industry and the global economy. The events of the last two years remind us that every phase in the development of the oil industry in the Middle East has had its attendant challenge from the peoples of the region.

In the period after World War II this came first when Iran nationalized its oil industry under the leadership of Mohammad Mossadegh. The major American oil companies, engaged in a quiet struggle with their British counterparts for control of the region's resources, learned a lesson in Iran. Similar challenges among the Arab producers were forestalled by instituting the so-called "profit-sharing" provision whereby the regimes would receive not a mere 22-cent royalty per barrel but a nominal half of the companies' profits. Middle East oil cost about 10 cents a barrel to produce in the late 1940s, but sold at a price set by the oil companies which was pegged to the cost of U.S. Gulf Coast production. The simultaneous expansion of exports produced a tremendous infusion of cash for the monarchs and sheiks whose continued rule was essential to the industry. With the defeat of the Iranian challenge in 1953, a decade of unparalleled prosperity for the companies ensued. Except in Iraq, where the British-installed monarchy succumbed in 1958, it insulated the regimes from the nationalist doctrines articulated by the likes of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser.

"Profit-sharing" gave the regimes a stake in the official selling price on which their share was calculated as oil revenues began to make up a larger share of Government revenues and national income. Development plans, military and civil service payrolls and royal household budgets alike were threatened when the multinational oil companies, without consultation or prior notification, unilaterally cut prices in February 1959 and again in August 1960.*

These price cuts were the proximate cause for the formation of OPEC in September 1960. A moving force was then Director General of Petroleum Affairs at the Saudi Ministry of Finance, Abdullah Tariki. A commoner trained at the University of Texas, Tariki personified the intersection of nationalist politics and technocratic expertise, the "oil consciousness" underlying OPEC's emergence. His dedication

* Control of the industry enabled the majors to administer prices, but the resulting profits gave tremendous incentive to produce more than could be marketed at those prices. This led to price-cutting to increase sales on the margin. When the U.S. domestic oil industry forced the Eisenhower Administration to impose mandatory import quotas in 1959, this incremental production was routed to European markets, weakening prices further.

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to educating the Saudi and Arab public in oil matters, to improving the terms of the concessions, set him apart from the venality and incompetence that marked the Saudi regime and most of its neighbors.

Tariki's main support came from Perez Alfonzo of Venezuela, whose higher-cost crude was most threatened over the long run by the price-cutting trend. Before the meeting, Tariki and Perez Alfonzo drafted an "international oil compact," a schedule for rationing production designed to cope with the excessive output that was weakening the price structure. The first meeting established a framework for a permanent organization, declared a collective unwillingness to "remain indifferent with regard to the companies' attitude on prices" and expressed determination to stabilize prices "by other means," that is, by regulating production.

The creation of OPEC was incidental to the main forces at work in this period. The continuing trend toward greater production sent the price per barrel of crude in the competitive European markets from around $1.85 in early 1960 to as low as $1.20 in 1969. The collision of this tendency with the rising mood of economic nationalism among the producing states exacerbated the problem: demands for higher revenues were met not by higher prices but by still higher rates of production.

The OPEC nations' main achievements in this first decade were to bar further reductions in their revenue per barrel and to resist the inventive discounts and accounting rubrics used by the companies, which enabled them to retain their profits by calling them something else. In 1963, the regimes' take had dropped to about 67 cents per barrel, compared with the companies' 82 cents; by 1969 this had shifted in favor of the regimes, 85 cents to 40 cents. The countries did pay a price for this financial accommodation, though. They never secured the companies' recognition of OPEC as a collective bargaining agent. They allowed the companies to determine the pace of negotiations, discussing minor issues interminably and ignoring larger ones altogether. And OPEC's major objective, to restore crude prices to the level of early 1959, was not accomplished at all in this decade.

One reason it was not was the elimination of Tariki following the U.S.-supported palace coup in Saudi Arabia in October 1962 that brought Crown Prince Faisal to power. Tariki was removed from his position and permanently banished from the country. His replacement, Yamani, came to play as important a role in OPEC as Tariki, but set it on a much different course.

Yamani proved to be far more typical than Tariki of the technocrats in OPEC. While Tariki was an articulate exponent of the economic nationalism then boiling up in the area, Yamani and his fellows saw their mission in terms of insulating oil matters from "the realm of ordinary politics." They were receptive to the positions and tactics of the companies, and this was partly the consequence of their training, what was described at the time as "systematic efforts to help the raw-material countries equip themselves with the sociopolitical goals, values, institutions and processes that are prerequisite to the efficient and socially beneficial operation of private enterprise, whether domestic or foreign." To be sure, the technocrats had a much higher level of understanding of the industry than did the princes and courtiers who "negotiated" the original concessions, and were able to strike more favorable bargains financially. They represented a modification in the prevailing pattern, but not a radical challenge to it.

The class predilections of the technocrats were subsidiary, though, to the fact that the dominant states in OPEC (Saudi Arabia and Iran) were both closely tied to the oil companies and the industrial countries, particularly the United States. Iraq was under severe pressure from the companies in the struggle over the nationalization of Iraqi reserves after 1960; the Shah of Iran and the Saudis were only too happy to expand production at Iraqi expense. And the more radical Algerian Government's power in OPEC was limited because of its low production and exclusive ties to the French market.

The character of OPEC was thus effectively determined by those regimes that most owed their place to the companies and Western governments. Any threat to the companies was seen as a threat to themselves. Their strategic aim was to moderate the popular nationalism underlying OPEC, establish a more equal "partnership" with the companies and make themselves more indispensable to the continued functioning of the system. For them, one important OPEC task was to pre-empt the initiative from the radicals. In the words of one source close to both the companies and the Saudis, "Oil has aroused certain emotions in the Middle East which must be satisfied, and this is OPEC's task."

The June War of 1967 marked a watershed. By 1973, the brew of oil, politics and Palestinian nationalism had grown more potent. The decisive defeat of the radical nationalist regimes in Egypt and Syria initiated a period of political ascendancy for Saudi Arabia and the oil-producing sheikdoms of the Gulf, enhancing the efficacy of the "protection money" with which they bankrolled the front-line states but at the same time got entangled in the conflicts surrounding the Arab nationalist struggles. A new radical-conservative polarization developed with the rise of the Palestinian resistance and revolutionary movements in Yemen and Oman. Most important, through its impact on Libya, the 1967 war laid the groundwork for OPEC's transition of 1969-71.

Libya, ruled after World War II by King Idris, a weak monarch beholden to Britain and the United States, was regarded even in Washington as "one of the most corrupt regimes in the world." Oil exploration and development in Libya took on significant dimensions after the 1956 Suez crisis, and exports commenced in 1961. Production escalated after the 1967 war closed the Suez Canal, Palestinian forces took to sabotaging the pipelines serving the eastern Mediterranean, and the British announced plans in 1968 to

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Joe Stork is an editor of MERIP Reports *and author of* Middle East Oil and the Energy Crisis *(Monthly Review Press).*

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withdraw militarily from the Persian Gulf.*

Libyan production zoomed by 49 percent in 1968, compared with 12 percent for the Middle East as a whole, and by another 23 percent in 1969. Production reached 3.5 million barrels a day in early 1970, just shy of the rate of the long-established Saudi industry. Political incentives to production were reinforced by Libya's concession and pricing system, which favored a number of smaller American and European companies. For them Libya represented the only stake in low-cost Middle East production, and they contributed mightily to continued price-cutting in Europe.

On September 1, 1969, the code phrase "Palestine is ours" flashed among the lieutenants and captains involved in Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi's coup. Libyan production by now made up a substantial proportion of crude supplies for several European countries, notably West Germany and Italy. For the industry, the furious exploitation of the "Libyan Klondike" led to a far more serious vulnerability to interruption than was the case in the Gulf region. Ironically, fears of political changes there had prompted the industry to diversify in the first place.

The new regime moved smartly to redress its paltry share of crude profits by tackling first the independents with supply contracts to meet and no alternative sources. The "conservation" cutbacks used to force agreement from the independents, combined with interruptions in pipeline deliveries to the eastern Mediterranean and galloping demand in the industrial countries, created temporary and localized shortages in European markets. The price trend of a decade was reversed.

Libya's success was not lost on the rest of OPEC. The regimes in Iran and Saudi Arabia could not demand less without undermining their admittedly slender nationalist credentials. In December 1970, OPEC laid out demands for an increase in the tax rate from 50 to 55 percent, a hike of some 30 cents in the posted price, an end to remaining company discounts, more lucrative adjustments for quality and transportation differentials, and, taking the lesson of the last decade to heart, set a firm timetable for negotiations.

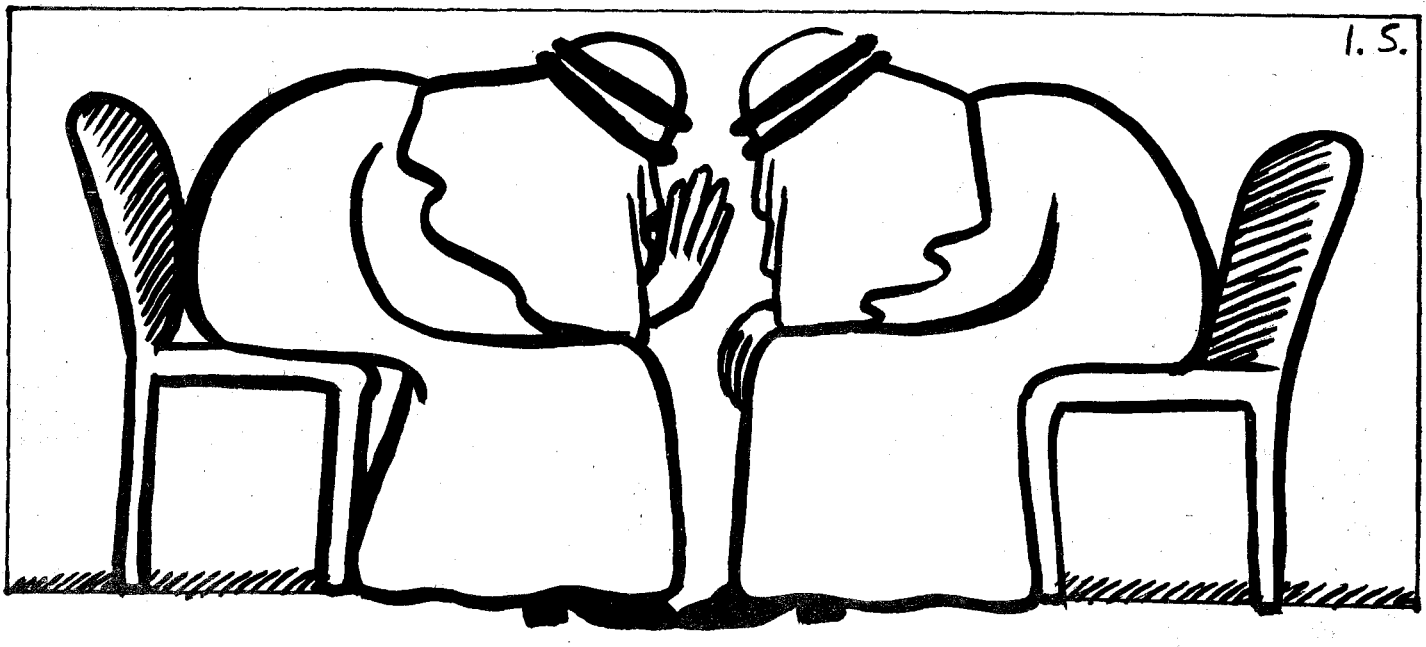
The majors acceded to these demands, but in an abrasive manner calculated to generate an atmosphere of crisis and confrontation that was unwarranted in view of their mutual interest in a higher price plateau. These negotiations of early 1971, OPEC's first successful effort at collective bargaining, ratified the new upward trajectory of oil prices. Pressures of inflation and political uncertainty led to further increases, and the inertia of the 1960s was reversed with a vengeance.

OPEC was little more than a medium in this process. The slight shift in power represented by the outcome was the cumulative consequence of contradictions in the industry and the erosion of the monopoly position of the largest companies. Praise or blame rests not with OPEC but with the readiness of the radical regimes to take advantage of a unique and to some extent temporary situation.

Moreover, the victories were strictly financial. The regimes raised their share of the market value of a barrel of oil, then selling at a composite product price of $14 in Europe, from about $1 to $1.30. For the majors, the price floor was raised and strengthened, and the leverage of the independents in securing low-cost crude and underselling the market was reduced. And this was accomplished in a manner through which the blame could be laid at the feet of OPEC. The "energy crisis" in the United States, fomented by the oil companies in their effort after 1968 to remove price controls on natural gas and raise prices for coal and uranium (in which they had acquired substantial stakes), was successfully linked to OPEC in the media and the public mind.

Subsequent price hikes, though more substantial, share these features: they were largely precipitated by developments outside OPEC's control—the 1973 war, convulsions in the world economy—and they were perfectly compatible with the interests of the major companies. The October War and the accompanying embargo by the Arab oil producers

* The Suez closure, by adding to the cost of British oil imports, put further pressure on the pound and contributed to London's budgetary decision to quit the Gulf. This led to the Richard Nixon-Henry Kissinger strategy of arming the Shah of Iran as gendarme for the region.



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show that the oil regimes' insulation from political crises such as the Palestinian struggle had come to an end. Saudi ascendancy, so conducive to Western interests after 1967, intensified the pressures in 1973 to implement the embargo. Moreover, the successful implementation of production cuts in 1971 for financial ends reduced the plausibility of the argument that such tactics had no place in a political struggle. Finally, the "oil weapon," once it was unsheathed in the waning days of the war, was essentially a class weapon, devised to reassert the hegemony of forces represented by Faisal and Anwar el-Sadat. It is primarily a defensive weapon, to be brandished only in the face of pressures from more militant regimes and domestic opposition.

OPEC has played a similarly cautious role in dealing with the question of national control of the local oil industry, which was enshrined in OPEC's demand for "participation" at its first meeting in 1960. This term was well suited to OPEC's political ambiguity: it could mean as much as nationalization, or a little as a *pro forma* share in the management of the Western consortia. For Yamani, it was a device for "appeasing patriotic sentiments."

OPEC under Saudi Arabia and Iran was a force for undercutting rather than advancing the cause of national control over the oil companies. This was evident in Yamani's subversion of Iraq's struggle against the companies in the mid-1960s. Satisfaction of this demand was the cumulative result of struggles in individual countries whose eventual success left OPEC's hierarchs little choice but to follow suit. Now, the companies have been reduced to the status of crude purchasers, but they still have considerable operating responsibility as contractors in Saudi Arabia and the small Arab states of the Gulf, as well as dominant positions in other stages of the industry.

Yet OPEC has never been able to use fully the weapon that is essential to preserving the sovereignty of its members over prices—collective control of production. Here Saudi resistance has been decisive until recently. The oil companies' ability to play off one producer against another—against Iran under Mohammad Mossadegh, against Iraq after Abd al-Karim al-Qassem—rested in their capacity to sow divisions among the producers by raising or lowering production and thus revenues. The unwavering refusal of Yamani and the regime behind him to consider "production scheduling" has been the key to the preservation of Western oil interests in the Middle East. After an OPEC meeting in March 1979, Yamani testily responded to a reporter: "Sir, we refuse to talk about the level of production in Saudi Arabia with the OPEC member countries. It is not their affair. It is our own affair. And it has been our policy since the early 1960s to avoid any production program. Nothing has changed. We impose our ceiling. We raise or lower it—it is our affair."

One consequence of the transfer of majority ownership of the oil companies to the producing regimes has been more careful scrutiny of the companies' recovery techniques and other factors that affect the productivity of a field. In many instances this has led to production restrictions and downward revisions of capacity. The most startling case is Saudi Arabia itself. In 1972, Yamani was proposing, based on Aramco figures, production rates of more than 20 million barrels a day by the mid-1980s. Today, projected Saudi capacity does not exceed 12 million barrels a day. Yamani himself alluded to this last year in commenting on the current Saudi ceiling of 9.5 million barrels a day: "On paper we have a much greater capacity and a greater sustained capacity. But in reality we do not know exactly how much we are able to produce until we reach a certain level and then we start to face certain problems in the reservoir behavior."

Indeed, the recent displays of the oil producers' power to raise prices are the consequence not of any cartellike collective action but of the upheaval in Iran, just as a decade earlier it had been precipitated by developments in Libya. The reduction in Iranian output over the period ahead sharply limits the Saudi capacity to stabilize or lower prices through increased production. Their ability to maneuver in this realm is confined within progressively more narrow parameters as they strive to balance the collective weight of OPEC, the gluttonous needs of the West and the United States and their own exaggerated physical production capacity.

In the period ahead, a main feature will be OPEC's more limited capacity to serve as "residual producer"—providing on call the oil industrial consumers need but cannot secure from non-OPEC sources. The arguments that the OPEC countries should produce just enough to meet revenue needs while maximizing long-term capacity have become more persuasive. According to OPEC statistics, its ratio of proven reserves to production has fallen from 68.6 in 1960 to 41.2 in 1978. In the 1950s, the OPEC countries added 100 billion barrels to their reserves, while cumulative production amounted to 12 billion barrels. In the 1960s, new reserves totaled 180 billion barrels; cumulative production was 33 billion barrels. Between 1971 and 1978, this ratio was drastically reversed: reserves added were only 28 billion barrels, while cumulative production reached 60 billion barrels.

These geological and technical constraints are more than matched by the political constraints deriving from the social tensions in the producing countries, which are directly attributable to the influx of oil revenues, the heightened penetration of capitalist relations of exchange and production and the consequent disruption of traditional patterns and identities. The archaic political forms congenial to Western control are disintegrating under the impact of social forces internal to but largely beyond the control of the separate OPEC states or OPEC as a whole. The upheaval in Iran, the incidents in Mecca and eastern Saudi Arabia, the manifestations of great-power intervention in the region, the Iraq-Iran conflict—all point to the perilously fragile character of the oil-producing regimes. In this era, will OPEC recede to a formal but marginal role as negotiating agent? Or can it be reforged by new regimes, with a new mandate, as an instrument for contributing to a new order? It is doubtful that the oil-exporting governments, as they prepare to celebrate OPEC's twentieth anniversary, are in any position to know. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Affairs and Landscapes

LEONARD KRIEGEL

THE THIRTIES. *By Edmund Wilson. Edited with an introduction by Leon Edel. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 753 pp. $17.50.*

Looking back over Edmund Wilson's remarkable literary career is like looking at a figure through the wrong end of a telescope. The figure seems to shrink into precision but none of the parts can be defined separately. With each posthumous volume of Wilson's notebooks and diaries, new material about his life is offered us. But the only thing that stands out clearly is that, more than any of his fellow writers of that famous generation which came of age in the 1920s, Wilson mortgaged himself to literature. Both because of his endurance—he lived to the age of 77 and had published his first book, co-authored with his friend John Peale Bishop, some fifty years earlier—and because of the burnt-out fate awaiting so many of his peers, Wilson has come to seem a representative literary man, perhaps *the* representative American writer of the twentieth century.

There are obvious dangers in this, foremost among them the tendency of any culture to embalm what it wants to immortalize. More honest than Hemingway, better educated than his friend Fitzgerald, and less in need of the mythology of place than Faulkner (although, like Faulkner, possessed of a very strong feeling for region), Wilson confronted the world from a distinctly literary perspective. Even in his intimacies and revelations, he is the literary man, willing to live with his frailties and contradictions as long as they can be absorbed into his writing.

His frailties and contradictions are profoundly American. A member of the educated Eastern gentry with strong ties to the professions, he attended the best schools—the Hill School and Princeton University. He entered the literary and journalistic life as a reporter for *The New York Sun* in 1916, and then, following a two-year stint in the army as a noncombatant, returned to New York as an editor and writer for *Vanity Fair* and *The New Republic*. A son of privilege, his old-fashioned liberal arts education made him contemptuous of the businessmen who had dominated American life from the Civil War. He greeted the onset of the Depression almost joyously, for it seemed to promise liberation from the rule of the "fatuous." His growing sense of estrangement from modern American life stemmed from the legacy of rationality and the idea of professionalism that his class bequeathed him.

The figure of his father—a brilliant but deeply neurotic lawyer who served as Attorney General of New Jersey and to whom Woodrow Wilson had promised the next Supreme Court vacancy—looms larger and larger in Wilson's view of America. Freud writes somewhere that the object of psychoanalysis is to attain a kind of benign distance from one's parents. In Wilson's case, the struggle seems to have been to accept the father in himself, for he was to become a model of what the writer should be for three generations of Americans. He made the literary life more attractive, more traditionally professional, than any of his peers. A writer whose integrity was matched both by his willingness to learn and by his prejudices—he was capable of dismissing the whole of modern German literature, just as he was capable of writing lengthy essays on such minor figures as Henry Blake Fuller and James Branch Cabell—he remained to his death a brave figure in a literary milieu increasingly dominated by publicity-seeking celebrities.

In 1914, Wilson began the practice of keeping notebooks intended to "catch *sur le vif* things that struck me as significant or interesting." Throughout his writing life, he drew upon these notebooks and diaries for material. In 1967, he began to publish them. Before he died in 1972, he had seen *A Prelude* and *Upstate* through the press. The first volume consists of Wilson's juvenilia—"Naples is a very dirty place, full of howling dagoes"—and some interesting observations about his friends and family. The second turns out to be a superb book in which Wilson's fascination with his family's roots is absorbed into a remarkable perspective on upstate New York.

His literary executor, Leon Edel, approached the editing of the notebooks left unpublished at Wilson's death with as light a hand as possible, in accordance with Wilson's instructions. In 1975, under his editorship, *The Twenties* was published. Now, five years later, we have *The Thirties*. If *The Twenties* proved to be less than what was expected, this present volume seems to have been published exclusively for libraries and the academic marketplace.

In part, the fault lies in the nature of any writer's journal. Notes are private, intended to refresh memory. But a book is a public document, directed toward an audience. When, as in *Upstate*, the notes can be restructured around a theme, a book is created. But notes that have not been recast around a theme lack an audience other than the writer himself and those interested enough in his life and work to wade through a good deal of sheer verbiage, much of it meaningless. *The Thirties* does not even give us the play of Wilson's remarkable mind. The reader has only to compare this volume to the volume of letters Wilson's wife, Elena, edited three years ago. The letters engage the reader and reflect the combative urgency he brought to books and ideas. But a book such as *The Thirties* will be of value only to the literary scholars Wilson attacked so vehemently all through his life. *The Thirties* is no more than a series of footnotes to a decade. On the whole, they are tedious footnotes.

And they make that figure at the end of the telescope a bit smaller. In the hands of a novelist, much of this material might have been transformed into memorable fiction. But Wilson here seems curiously imprisoned by his own experiences. The 1930s were his most creative decade. As the decade began, he completed his ground-breaking study of symbolism, *Axel's Castle*; as it closed, he finished his finest book, *To the Finland Station*, the only book I know of, other than Isaac Deutscher's magnificent biography of Trotsky, that makes the reader feel the growth of Marxism as a vital human force. In be-

Leonard Kriegel is the author of Edmund Wilson *(Southern Illinois University Press) and* On Men and Manhood *(Hawthorn). He is currently finishing a novel, to be published by Pantheon.*

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tween, he published what remains the most impressive portrait of Depression America that we have, *The American Jitters,* as well as his comparative study of American and Soviet societies, *Travels in Two Democracies,* and a book of critical essays, among them some of his finest: *The Triple Thinkers.* For good measure, he wrote his best poetry during this decade, as well as a play.

But it is difficult to link that productive decade with *The Thirties.* He can movingly record the haunting dreams evoked by the death of his second wife, Margaret Canby, in 1932. Other than the passages dealing with her, however, there is not much to be gained from *The Thirties.* Not that he ignores the outside world in these 730 pages of text. But his remarks about it seem as mechanical and detached as his microscopic probing of his sexual affairs. What animated *The American Jitters* was Wilson's sense of the overwhelming despair that had gripped an entire nation. The contrast between the promise inherent in American life and the breakdown of that life in the 1930s was made vivid, judgmental. The landscape was caked over with a sense of moral bankruptcy. A biting essay on Ford's Detroit opens with the following sentence: "On the dreary yellow Michigan waste with its gray stains of frozen water, the old cars wait like horses at the pond." But in the notes about his Detroit visit, the moral outrage is muted. Wilson seems as interested in the "wide use of spats" among Detroit men as in the economic and human failure. Depression America, brought so vividly to life in *The American Jitters,* is curiously distant in these pages. Wilson's real interest is in his love affairs and landscapes.

Were Wilson a Henry Miller, this would be fine. But he isn't. He does a great deal of sexual work in these pages (it is difficult to think of it as play or even as particularly erotic), but the sex is so mechanical and relentless as to make one hunger for the work of a true scientist, such as Lewis Thomas's *The Lives of a Cell.* John Updike has recently written that Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County* provided him with his "first and to this day most vivid glimpse of sex through the window of fiction." Well, there are windows and then there are windows. But at least in *Hecate County,* the pursuit of sex has a legitimate purpose in the novel: to depict a society in which money-grubbing and sex-grubbing have more or less merged. But the affairs depicted in *The Thirties* are boring and repetitive.

Wilson apparently wanted to train himself to treat sex realistically, as the major European novelists had done, in order to remove it from the realm of pornography. But he approaches his affairs here without humor, without awe, without even a residue of pity for himself or for these initialed women. He treats his affairs with a curious combination of class and biology. And the reader emerges from his descriptions of them feeling like Eliot's typist after the bank clerk has departed. The Wilson who was later to harp so much on "sexual selection" is already visible in the diarist recording his sexual adventures. "It is certainly very hard," he comments, "to write about sex in English without making it unattractive. *Come* is a horrible word to apply to something ecstatic." Perhaps it is hard. But Fanny Hill had her men, Henry Miller had his women, and Ike Snopes had his cow—and all of them did it in English.

There are passages in which Wilson does capture American doubt, the country's waning energy, the excitement of visiting the Soviet Union when one could still view it as a great social experiment. But we have already had this, and had it much more concretely and much more dramatically, in Wilson's books. There is a great deal of material here that never got into his books. But none of it, so far as I can tell, is going to meaningfully affect our conception of the decade or even of the man. It is difficult to tell why Wilson or Professor Edel thought this book would have any appeal for the general reader. Perhaps it will be of some use to scholars and literary historians, but even they will find it difficult to work through this plethora of initials in the role of literary detective.

In the long run, the only community to which Wilson truly belonged was not his father's world nor the world of his maternal Mather ancestors but the world in which men and women shape their lives through language. On the whole, *The Thirties* is a disservice to his stature as a man of letters. There remains something terribly appealing in any man who is able to see himself in his nightmares as "a chapter of a Malraux novel—I was a riot, with lots of fighting and violence." Still, it would have been better to allow the books Wilson him-

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self saw through the press to stand for the man. I suspect that there is more of the real Edmund Wilson in an essay such as "The Author at Sixty" than there is in all of these 730 pages of text. A few years before his death, Wilson spoke up so intelligently for the interests of the common reader in his famous argument with the Modern Language Association. "What is important is the finished work by which the author wishes to stand." Edmund Wilson's 1930s were finished forty years ago. Those years live in the books he wrote during that decade, not in these notebooks. In the final analysis, real books are all we can expect of any author. □

Hollywood Stars

LARRY CEPLAIR

TAKE TWO. *By Philip Dunne. McGraw-Hill Book Company. 343 pp. $14.95.*

ONE FOR MY BABY. *By Alvah Bessie. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 250 pp. $10.95.*

These two books should lay to rest the hoary canard that career screenwriters lack genuine writing talent. Philip Dunne, who wrote, produced and directed more than thirty movies in a career spanning four decades, has penned the most literate and observant Hollywood memoir yet to appear. Alvah Bessie, whose Hollywood career was brutally truncated as a result of the studio blacklist, has, in his fifth novel, created a cast of fascinating, complex and troubled people struggling with themselves and each other in a San Francisco nightclub during the 1950s.

Two men—Darryl Zanuck and Finley Peter Dunne—dominate Dunne's book. Dunne's amusing tales of Zanuck—the exacting, autocratic head of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios—provide an entirely new picture of the screenwriter's life, one that appears much more realistic than Ben Hecht's version. Zanuck and Philip Dunne enjoyed long, successful movie careers because neither harbored illusions about the goals of a multimillion-dollar industry engaged in mass-producing a quasi-artistic product—in doing one's best to produce entertaining, profitable movies with whatever material was available. "The extent of my ambition," writes Dunne, "was to become a competent craftsman in my trade." This was no meager ambition; the craft paid well and the product reached millions of people.

Dunne had a second ambition as well: to act according to the political values bequeathed him by his father, Finley Peter Dunne, perhaps the most witty and acute commentator on American mores. Both father and son subscribed to Thomas Jefferson's pledge of "eternal hostility against any form of tyranny over the mind of man," and believed that political privacy was the sine qua non of a free society. Philip Dunne fought as hard as anyone in Hollywood against the various forms of repression that appeared between 1930 and 1950. He helped to found and lead the Screen Writers Guild; he served on the boards of various popular front organizations; he was a charter member of William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies and of the Americans for a Democratic Society. Along with movie directors William Wyler and John Huston, he established the Committee for the First Amendment, the single, collective example—short-lived though it was—of liberal steadfastness and principle in the face of the reactionary tidal wave following World War II.

Dunne's memoirs remind us both of the honored place once held by liberal political values and of liberal delusions. He regrets that he "failed to foresee the ultimate perversion of the messianic theory of American foreign policy we liberals so avidly endorsed in the 1930s and 1940s," but still supports liberal Democratic candidates who are committed to remaking the world in the liberal image. Dunne admits that "lazy" liberals paved the way for Communist domination of popular front organizations in the aftermath of the Nazi-Soviet pact (1939) and that liberals were routed from the defense of the Hollywood Ten (1947). But he neither examines the sources of liberal laziness

Larry Ceplair is co-author of The Inquisition in Hollywood: Politics in the Film Community, 1930-1960 *(Doubleday & Company).*

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and hysteria nor credits the Communists for their continued fight against racism and anti-Semitism.

Finally, Dunne, who savagely criticizes "revisionist" historians (by which he means those who have elevated the blacklistees to heroic stature), is a revisionist historian himself. He writes of the Hollywood Ten: "They were not the warriors in [the conflict over civil liberties]—though they fought bravely if confusedly in their own defense—but simply the battlefield over which others fought for the rights of all Americans supposedly guaranteed by our Constitution."

Alvah Bessie, for his part, does not feel "deified." Banished from his chosen occupation in 1947, he has held various nonprofessional jobs. His finest novel to date, *One for My Baby*, builds on one of those jobs: his stint at the "hungry i" nightclub in San Francisco. The torn and troubled decades of the 1930s and 1940s left many people physically, mentally and spiritually maimed. Bessie has selected about a dozen of these "cripples," placed them in The Night Box, a cabaret headlining folk groups and stand-up comics, and set them struggling to compensate for their missing limbs, egos, careers, or humane qualities.

It is a naturalistic novel, with no particular moral or denouement—except perhaps that some people are more destructive than others. All the characters are in pain; few prevent that pain from affecting others. One of those who does appears to be an ironic representation of the author, Dan Noble. Noble is portrayed as a well-meaning, clumsy failure—an ineffectual knight of the woeful countenance. The real Bessie, however, is a figure of more heroic proportions, who was failed more by others than by himself, and who has now crafted two remarkable pieces of literature: the nonfiction *Men in Battle*, about his experience in the Spanish Civil War, and this recent novel. □

'A Land of Darkness'

SUSAN JACOBY

UNFINISHED BUSINESS: Pressure Points in the Lives of Women. *By Maggie Scarf. Doubleday & Company. 581 pp. $14.95.*

I am, at 35, a survivor of two periods of severe depression. Each lasted nearly a year. Each cast me into what Job described as "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and *where the light is as darkness.*" The only difference between the two depressions was my conviction, the second time around, that I would survive because I had survived the first time.

Such convictions may have little basis in fact—a soldier who has emerged unscathed from a dozen battles may be wounded in his thirteenth—but they are extremely useful psychological tools for muddling through a bad time. "You've done it before, so you can do it again" is not the worst thing to say to yourself when you wake up day after day, week after week, month after month with the feeling that there is absolutely no reason to get out of bed.

I mention my personal history to come clean (or as clean as possible) about my ambivalent reactions to Maggie Scarf's voluminous work on women and depression. Because I have been a traveler in that dark land described so vividly in this book, I have strong views about Scarf's views.

Scarf is a respected science writer whose specialty is the relationship between body and mind—in sickness and in health. *Unfinished Business* is a book about women and depression, but the ambiguous title suggests that it is the female equivalent of Daniel Levinson's *The Seasons of a Man's Life*, the scholarly work that provided much of the theoretical basis for Gail Sheehy's best-selling *Passages*.

Scarf approaches her subject through case studies of depressed women at six crucial points in the life cycle, from late adolescence through old age. She always returns to the basic question of why women seem more vulnerable to severe depression than men, but each of the case studies is maddeningly diffuse. One can only assume that Scarf succumbed, in the unwieldy course of nearly 600 pages, to the "big book" syndrome that affects so many writers and publishers. The loss of focus is particularly regrettable because much of the information could prove enormously valuable to those who suffer from depression.

For the first-time sufferer, the mystery and terror of the syndrome known as clinical depression are intensified by its relationship to the ordinary human experience of "feeling blue." Imagine waking up with sniffles, a cough and a 100-degree fever and saying, "Oh, damn, I've got a cold." Imagine the aggravation if the cold symptoms did not disappear, as they ordinarily do, within a few days. Imagine the aggravation turning to distress and fear if the symptoms persisted for two weeks . . . a month . . . six months. That is the difference between "feeling down" and true clinical depression. "It is important to realize," Scarf notes, "that the recognizable 'mental changes'—that deeply lugubrious, too-sorrowing state of feeling—exist in tandem with a profoundly altered kind of biological functioning."

The best description I have ever read of the physiological symptoms of depression appears on pages 171 through 186. How I wish someone had offered me such a description during my first depression, which took place long before the subject began appearing in the public prints! Muscular rigidity, Scarf points out, is one of the most common physical indicators of depression. It would have comforted me to know that the taut sensation pervading my entire body—a feeling that made me imagine myself on a medieval rack—was a normal symptom of the abnormal state of depression rather than a signal that I was suffering from an undiagnosed, potentially fatal malady.

Another piece of valuable information buried in the interstices between case studies is Scarf's lucid, detailed description of the newer antidepressant drugs and how they work. On page 479 (how many readers slog that far through *any* nonfiction book?) there is a caveat that could literally be a lifesaver. "Minor tranquilizers" like Valium, frequently prescribed by family doctors to relieve symptoms of depression, are *not* antidepressants. Like alcohol, Valium is a depressant of the central nervous system. Although it may provide temporary symptomatic relief, it frequently intensifies the underlying psychic problem.

Although I admire many of the reportorial aspects of this book, I have serious reservations about its two major

Susan Jacoby's book of essays, The Possible She, *will be published in paperback by Ballantine next month.*

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premises—that depression is much more widespread among women than men and that the explanation for this phenomenon lies in women's greater vulnerability to losses in their personal lives.

Countless clinical studies have shown that women are two to six times more likely than men to seek professional treatment for depression. These studies have led psychiatric professionals to the conclusion that women, as a group, are much more depressed than men. One reason for objecting to this conclusion is the fact that women are much more likely than men to seek help from doctors for all illnesses—whether physical or mental.

Scarf notes this objection but dismisses it on the basis of "community-based studies"—interviews conducted in people's homes about their feelings of depression—which also reveal a higher incidence of female depression. These studies, Scarf argues, validate the viewpoint of the psychiatric establishment because they are not limited to people who have sought medical help.

This strikes me as a remarkably obtuse conclusion for a professional reporter to reach. One of the chief psychological components of depression is a pervasive feeling of helplessness—the fear that everything you try is bound to fail. This fear runs counter to everything men are taught to expect of themselves. The cultural factors that discourage men from visiting doctors are bound to operate when a researcher enters a home and asks men and women whether they have experienced feelings of worthlessness, hopelessness or helplessness.

I recently asked a man I have known for years if he was going through a prolonged depression. "How did you know?" he asked with a combination of amazement and suspicion. I knew, or suspected, because I had been trying to reach him by phone at home for a month and no one answered. I, too, had stopped answering the phone when I was in the depths of depression. This man told me he had not answered his home phone for *six months*. He had to continue functioning at work, he said, so he got through the day by looking forward to the hours when he could abandon himself to his solitary despair.

I believe that this attempt to carry on with vital tasks by setting arbitrary limits to depression is much more characteristic of depressed men than of depressed women. The psychiatric es-

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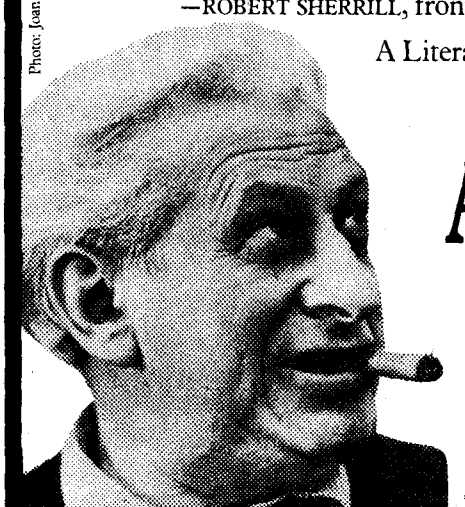

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tablishment might do well to address itself not to the question of why women are more depressed than men but to the differing ways in which men and women try to cope with the same experiences.

The question of what constitutes an appropriate response to depression elicits my most serious reservations about Scarf's approach, for she stands foursquare behind what Christopher Lasch has aptly termed the "therapeutic sensibility." The right thing to do when you are experiencing depression, she says, is to get professional help—through conventional "talking" therapy, antidepressant drug therapy or a combination of the two. Moreover, Scarf insists that professional intervention is necessary if depressive symptoms persist *at most* (her emphasis) more than a week or two.

Scarf acknowledges that 95 percent of people will recover spontaneously from depressive episodes—with or without treatment—within four months to a year. "But four to twelve months of misery (possibly longer) for no reason and no purpose whatsoever would represent four to twelve months of needless pain. There are treatments available that can bring relief within a matter of a few days or in weeks."

What kind of relief? At what cost?

I do not question the need for professional intervention in a minority of depression cases—especially those accompanied by serious, persistent thoughts of suicide. I do, however, question the advisability of treatment—especially drug therapy—for the majority of people who will recover on their own without treatment.

Scarf emphasizes the need for administration of antidepressant drugs under the supervision of a highly skilled clinician. Some of these drugs are addictive; some are potentially lethal in an overdose or in combination with other chemical substances; all have a variety of unpleasant side effects. Given the potential for abuse by unskilled physicians as well as by patients who are "not themselves," the use of such drugs in all but the most serious cases strikes me as a highly risky proposition.

One of the saddest comments in the book was made by a woman who is handling her depression with a powerful drug. "It's as if it's all still out there, waiting, and the antidepressants keep the symptoms covered all up. When I took away those few milligrams of Parnate, it was just all out there in wait for me. That came as something of an unwelcome shock."

If Scarf is correct in her belief that excessive dependence on the esteem of others is one of the chief causes of female depression, one can only wonder about the value of "cures" that involve continuing dependence on drugs or therapeutic professions. □

Nearing a Bend

IVAR BERG

CASE STUDIES IN THE LABOR PROCESS. *Edited by Andrew Zimbalist. Monthly Review Press. 338 pp. $16.50.*

It is one of the social sciences' few redeeming features that their practitioners occasionally say some new and suggestive things both to specialists and to the world at large. Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*, Erich Fromm's *Escape from Freedom*, William H. Whyte's *Street Corner Society*, David Riesman, Nathan Glazer and Reuel Denney's *The Lonely Crowd*, C. Wright Mills's *White Collar* and his *Power Elite*, Erving Goffman's *Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, Robert Merton's *Social Theory & Social Structure*, Barrington Moore's *Social Origins of Dictatorship & Democracy* and Elliot Liebow's *Tally's Corner* come to mind. These authors had an impact, as committees that grant university tenure like to say. Their impact resulted neither from their having been right, so to speak, nor because they had been notably rigorous nor because they made good ideas better by recasting them in novel ways. Instead, they spoke to questions that mattered and showed us how to begin to understand them.

The late Harry Braverman's *Labor & Monopoly Capital*, about "the degradation of work in the twentieth century," is another such book. Its current inclusion in business school reading lists as well as in the relevant social science courses attests to its general significance. It was a sign of its special success that it managed to offend the knee-jerk anti-Marxists, on the one side, and cause arguments among the professional sectarians who devoutly "finger," as Schumpeter once put it, "the Marxian rosary," on the other. Braverman's book is of strategic importance because it is the only work in decades that tries to mesh enduring Marxist concerns about distribution in society with Marx and Engels's long-neglected ideas about production and "production relationships."

Prof. Andrew Zimbalist has edited a book that follows up on Braverman's work. It contains fourteen original and revealing pieces on work by young admirers of Braverman. Unlike many current occupational studies whose focus rarely extends beyond the fences surrounding the mills, forges, mine shafts, bureaus, lettuce "patches" and laboratories within which workers toil in gangs, crews, teams, "pools," "autonomous work units" and in "enlarged," "enriched," "restructured," or "democratized" work settings, Professor Zimbalist's contributors insist upon relating the organizational and technological changes in the workplace to much broader social, political and economic developments. While there is no absence of Marxian and "neo-Marxian" code words in the book, the authors of these rich essays stay in reasonable control of their rhetoric. There are no references to the "capitalistic military-industrial complex," but instead there are discussions of the kind that demonstrate the implications of the national system of defense contracting upon the actual choices of production technologies made by private sector managers. David Noble presents a portrait of the machine tool industry that should be required reading not only for the relevant sociology courses and every introductory macro- and micro-economics course but for all those Congressional committees concerned with tax depreciation and capital investment.

Harry Braverman would be proud of this volume. Almost single-handedly, Braverman revitalized an intriguing model for examining the labor factor in society in 1974. "Every time the train of history turns around a sharp bend," Marx once wrote, "the intellectuals fall off." That judgment is only a mite too pithy; Professor Zimbalist and his colleagues are persuaded that we are nearing such a bend—and they are providing an opportunity for many more of us

Ivar Berg is the author of Education & Jobs: The Great Training Robbery *(Beacon).*

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to stay on the train this time.

Machinists, computer programmers, office workers, printers, longshoremen, coal miners, auto workers, production operators, insurance "clericals," apparel workers and jewelry workers whose jobs are examined in detail may dissent from a judgment here and an interpretation there about their lots, their ways, their reactions and their concerns, but these—and, by clear implication, many other Americans—have been well and honestly served in this volume. The work as a whole will survive as a statement; it most certainly belongs close to Braverman's work on our library shelves. But even these essays leave us in need of a more coherent and more extensive social theory than can at present be derived from the work of colleagues on either the left or right. But by insisting that we not look at jobs in isolation but rather in terms of their linkages to the whole—to the economy, in particular—Professor Zimbalist and his colleagues deserve our gratitude.

While Studs Terkel's working respondents tell us much about themselves and their chores, Professor Zimbalist and his authors from the intellectual left help us to connect these autobiographies to social structures; the effect is that the volume under review both points the way and leads us, in the social sciences, back from the intellectual wasteland of abstract system building or isolated studies of individuals, to our *real* chores of social analysis. □

'A Murder Is/a Murder'

ANTHONY ASTRACHAN

A PART OF SPEECH. *By Joseph Brodsky. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 152 pp. $12.95.*

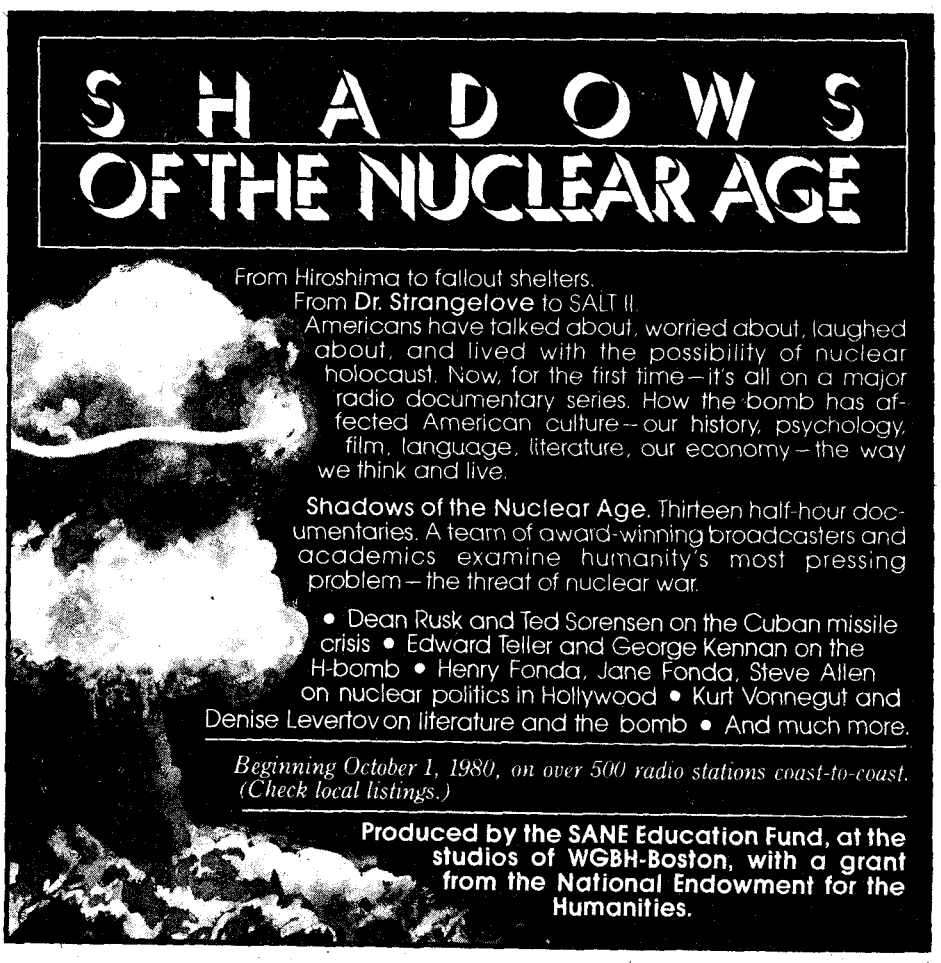
Some of the great poets of this century are Russian, but Westerners have too often had to take this on faith. Osip Mandelstam and Anna Akhmatova died before English speakers could explore the beauty that Russians had known for decades, even though the Soviet state seldom published their poems. Only in the 1970s did new translations by English and American poets make them accessible.

Happily, Joseph Brodsky—who shares the "nostalgia for world culture," the interweaving of Western and Russian tradition that marks both Akhmatova and Mandelstam—is being translated while he is still producing poems. This reflects the force of his presence in world poetry since the Soviet authorities compelled him to leave his motherland in 1972. I believe it also reflects Brodsky's need for American readers, something he acknowledges even though he is painfully conscious of his need to reach Russian audiences. Brodsky is not one of those emigrants who confine themselves to the narrow horizons of the exile archipelago. He lives in an American world whose language and literature he loves, and he *must* let his work feed and be fed by that language and literature. Whether or not he can be called great, as Akhmatova and Mandelstam are great, he is the finest poet writing in Russian, in or out of the Soviet Union.

Eight years of exile have thickened Brodsky's language a little: in Russian, there is more alliteration; there are more tricks with sound and meaning. At the same time, living abroad has also thinned his intensity of feeling slightly, as seen in the English versions of his poems, without diminishing his breadth or depth. He is more than ever a poet whose passions spring from his brains more than his bowels, like Wallace Stevens (whom he likes but seldom mentions) and W. H. Auden (whom he loves). He writes less about love than he did when he lived in the Soviet Union, but is even more skeptical about love's conventional triumphs. That might, of course, be a process that owes as much to age as to exile; Brodsky turned 40 this year.

His recurring themes are almost eschatological. He travels from one place, one continent to another, and makes almost every stopping point the setting for a new poem. But these travels become first a passage through the state of exile and then a passage through time to some finality. Individuals and empires are both subject to the process of aging. "Empire" is one of Brodsky's favorite words. He uses it in

Anthony Astrachan, a former Moscow correspondent for The Washington Post, *writes often about Soviet affairs and Russian art and literature.*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geographical, political and temporal senses, as befits a poet who, like Mandelstam and Akhmatova, comes from Leningrad, the old imperial capital whose inhabitants still call it "Piter," for St. Petersburg. Moving through distance and time, one must keep struggling to reach the next stage, to escape evil, even though the destination is the future or death, which Brodsky fears, or may simply believe, are each full of emptiness.

These themes are transcendently clear in one of the best, and best translated, poems in this book, "Lullaby of Cape Cod" (written in 1975 and translated by Anthony Hecht). The poet adapting to a new culture abroad becomes a creature adapting to a new environment, a fish "wriggling toward bushes, forming hinged leg-struts, then/to depart (leaving a track like the scrawl of a pen)/for the interior, the heart of the continent." Two later stanzas in the same section of the poem make the themes explicit in what he calls "the soft song of the cod":

Time is far greater than space. Space
  is a thing.
Whereas time is, in essence, the
  thought, the conscious dream
of a thing. And life itself is a variety
of time. The carp and bream
are its clots and distillates. As are
  even more stark
and elemental things, including the
  sea
wave and the firmament of the dry
  land.
Including death, that punctuation
  mark.

At times, in that chaos, that piling
  up of days,
the sound of a single word rings in
  the ear,
some brief, syllabic cry,
like "love," perhaps, or possibly
  merely "hi!"
But before I can make it out, static
  or haze
trouble the scanning lines that undu-
  late
and wave like the loosened ripples of
  your hair.

In Brodsky, the nostalgia for world culture makes him draw, like Akhmatova and Mandelstam, on the Bible, on Greek and Roman literature, on Dante and the English metaphysicians, as well as on Russians like the eighteenth-century poet Derzhavin. Brodsky shares with Akhmatova a determination not to follow too closely in Pushkin's footsteps, though Pushkin is in his blood and in his pen. "Odysseus to Telemachus," repeated here from *Selected Poems,* published in English in 1973, is a poem of exile embodied in a classical metaphor, written shortly before Brodsky had to leave home. He included in this volume a few poems from the earlier one to give the reader "a semblance of context, with a sense of continuum." I don't understand why he left out such a moving "classical" poem as "To Lycomedes on Scyros." That made clear to Westerners the politics of a poet whom they had classified, mistakenly, as "nonpolitical": "When all is said and done, a murder is/a murder. And we mortals have a duty/to take up arms against all monsters." It is no accident, to use an old phrase of Stalin's, that the poet likens himself to Theseus and addresses himself to Lycomedes, the king who killed Theseus. Perhaps Brodsky was reluctant to include a poem in which Theseus says he intends never to return, and then declares: "But one day we must all go back. Back home./Back to our native hearth. And my own path/lies through this city's heart." In contrast, *A Part of Speech* includes many poems with lines like one from "December in Florence," which says, as a fact past regretting, "There are cities one won't see again."

Nadezhda Mandelstam, in her marvelous account of her husband's life and work writes, "The pass to poetry is granted only by faith in its sacramental character and a sense of responsibility for everything that happens in the world." Auden, who had not read her, said in his introduction to Brodsky's *Selected Poems* that Brodsky, "like Van Gogh and Virginia Woolf . . . has an extraordinary capacity to envision material objects as sacramental signs, messengers from the unseen." There are fewer of these sacramental objects in the later poems than in the earlier ones, but they still materialize—the eponymous creature of "The Butterfly," for instance, translated by George L. Kline in a way that preserves its metaphysical flavor, or the telephone in "The Thames at Chelsea," translated by David Rigsbee:

THINKING ABOUT HANNAH ARENDT
(1906-1975)

The kitchen stove wood-ash
I took out this morning,
to dress the snowfield
that covers the garden.

The ashwood I've blazed
to fell before dark:
a whole grove to go,
to limb and twitch out,
to yard and fit; then,
after all, let season.

This present fire.
This kitchen oven.

The cigarette smoke you inhaled, held deep,
and let drift, displaced
in Maine, telling
your fear in being a Jew
landing alone in
Damascus. At home
with how slowly
iron heats, with
how strange to
myself I am, I sit
by a stove as dark as
the mourning you wore
against snow. I lean
to the gathered warmth
of your sadness, your
intricate face,
                your eyes refuged
with reason dearer than reason.

Philip Booth

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And when you sleep, the telephone
numbers
of your past and present blend to
produce a figure—
astronomical. And your finger turn-
ing the dial
of the winter moon finds the color-
less, vile
chirp, "Engaged," and this steady
noise
is clearer than God's own voice.

Of the many poems in *A Part of Speech* that I find beautiful and gripping, more are in the first part, written before Brodsky left the Soviet Union, than in the second, written in exile. This says as much about my preference for poems that interweave themes of love with those of exile, and perhaps about the accidents of translator selection, as it does about Brodsky's evolution as a poet. I feel the need, before I run out of space, to grab you by the sleeve and say, for God's sake, in addition to the poems I've already named, be sure to read "Six Years Later," translated by Richard Wilbur; "A Song to No Music," translated by Rigsbee with Brodsky; "I Sit by the Window," translated by Howard Moss (a poem that manages to be eschatological without going beyond the present tense, absolutely faithful to the original, but even better in English than in Russian, to my eye); "Lagoon," translated by Anthony Hecht, and "Letters from the Ming Dynasty," translated by Derek Walcott.

Brodsky has always insisted on impossibly high standards of translation, demanding fidelity not only to the spirit of the original but also to the meter and the rhyme. Equivalent rhyme is particularly difficult in translating from Russian, an inflected language whose case endings give it a wealth of feminine rhymes and whose consonants are as thick and savory as a name-day borscht.

The poems I have mentioned come close to meeting Brodsky's standards. Others do not—particularly, I am both saddened and amused to see, some that Brodsky has translated or helped to translate himself. In "1972," translated by Alan Myers with Brodsky, four lines of the original transliterate as

Stareniye! Zdravstvuy, moye
stareniye!
Krovi medlennoye struyeniye.
Nekogda stroynoye nog stroyeniye
muchayet zreniye. . . .

Literally, this means "Aging! Hail, my aging!/Blood slowly flowing./Legs, formerly a harmonious structure/Torment vision." Obviously the literal translation is not poetry. But there can be no excuse, in the lust to reproduce the feminine rhymes, for

Aging! Hail to thee, senility.
Blood flows as slowly as chilly tea.
Limbs, former pride of the whole
vicinity
hurt my vision. . . .

Brodsky here reduces himself to the level of W. S. Gilbert. (We shall quickly be parsonified,/Conjugally matrimonified,/By a doctor of divinity/who resides in this vicinity.") There are several other poems where Brodsky cheapens his work by inserting words alien to his original thought in order to reproduce the rhyme.

That is particularly unfortunate because many poems in this book reveal a concern with language as part of the core of a man that is understandably intense in a poet forced to leave the land of his mother tongue. One of the fourteen poems that make up the group called "A Part of Speech," which Brodsky himself translated (and translated well), says almost everything that can be said about being a poet in exile:

. . . and when "the future" is ut-
tered, swarms of mice
rush out of the Russian language and
gnaw a piece
of ripened memory which is twice
as hole-ridden as real cheese.
After all these years it hardly matters
who
or what stands in the corner, hidden
by heavy drapes,
and your mind resounds not with a
seraphic "doh,"
only their rustle. Life, that no one
dares
to appraise, like that gift horse's
mouth,
bares its teeth in a grin at each
encounter. What gets left of a man
amounts
to a part. To his spoken part. To a
part of speech. □

COMING: Mark Harris on trying to write Saul Bellow's biography; Barbara Grizzuti Harrison on Studs Terkel; Morris Dickstein on Woody Guthrie; Wilfred Sheed on the World Series.

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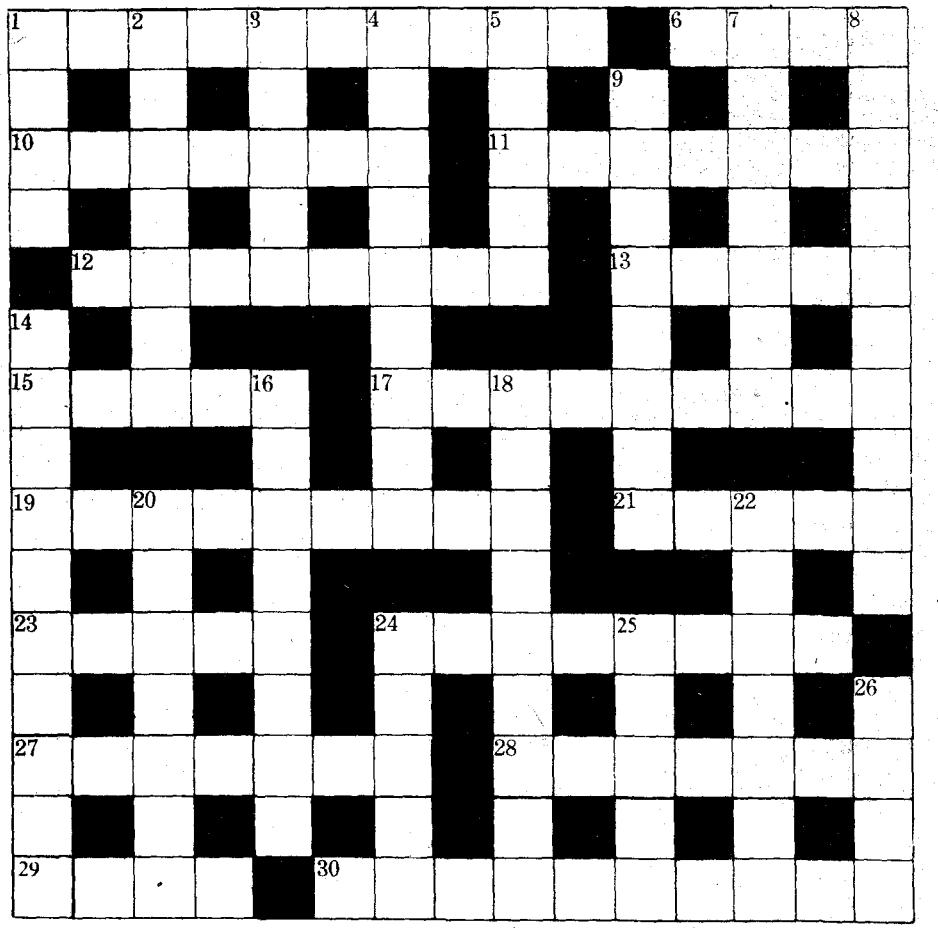

ACROSS

1 Some performer—with the accent on music! (10)
6 You'll find in him a Mohammedan Shiite leader. (4)
10 The man's crazy, and one of them might sound like him! (7)
11 Quiet with lots of dogs? (7)
12 Certainly not like the Democrats or Republicans in peacetime. (One had to be brave to join it.) (3,5)
13 A point in question with children? (5)
15 Depending on what rises and falls, the boy comes back with it the same way. (5)
17 Less segregation if you do get it near, perhaps. (9)
19 and 21 What the chair might do as a principle when broken. (4,3,2,5)
23 Conspirator suggesting a waterfall, but not of the French. (5)
24 When one does a turn, it should be good. (3,5)
27 Certainly not a believer in a West Indian strong man. (7)
28 What Richard might have had to do to the door first. (7)
29 One part might be blue or white, or a type of green. (4)
30 Open spaces for walking. (Pleases and puzzles at the same time.) (10)

DOWN

1 and 14 The pull of heavenly bodies might affect the gate. (4,10)
2 and 24 Crazy, and runs away with the nitty-gritty, in a sense. (4,3,5)
3 Its inventor was blessed in *Don Quixote.* (5)
4 A hold-up of the train in whatever is left. (9)
5 Did the British find many a such revolting? (5)
7 Naturally a smile's unusual for one living in Merlin's cave. (7)
8 Strangely enough, the bookish types always seemed to be fighting with swords! (10)
9 Approaching what those given smelling salts might be doing. (6,2)
14 See 1 down
16 Old tears, new tights. (8)
18 Old-time party with predictably sweet results. (5-4)
20 Libidinous. (7)
22 What Thomas did with a sort of dud to be exploded. (7)
24 See 2 down
25 A couple of dots on the Panamanian map. (5)
26 Shut out of it so? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1836

ACROSS: 1 Laughing stock; 9 Vidal; 10 First-year; 11 Nursery; 12 Eleatic; 13 Leeks; 14 Trilogies; 16 Narrowing; 18 Hairs; 19 Uneaten; 21 Brother; 22 Gladiolas; 23 Istle; 24 Dressing gowns. DOWN: 1 Living language; 2 Underwear; 3 Helpers; 4 Nifty; 5 Screening; 6 On the go; 7 Knelt; 8 Process servers; 14 Triangles; 15 Irish stew; 17 Outline; 18 Hooking; 20 Eland; 21 Bison.

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Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe write it.

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